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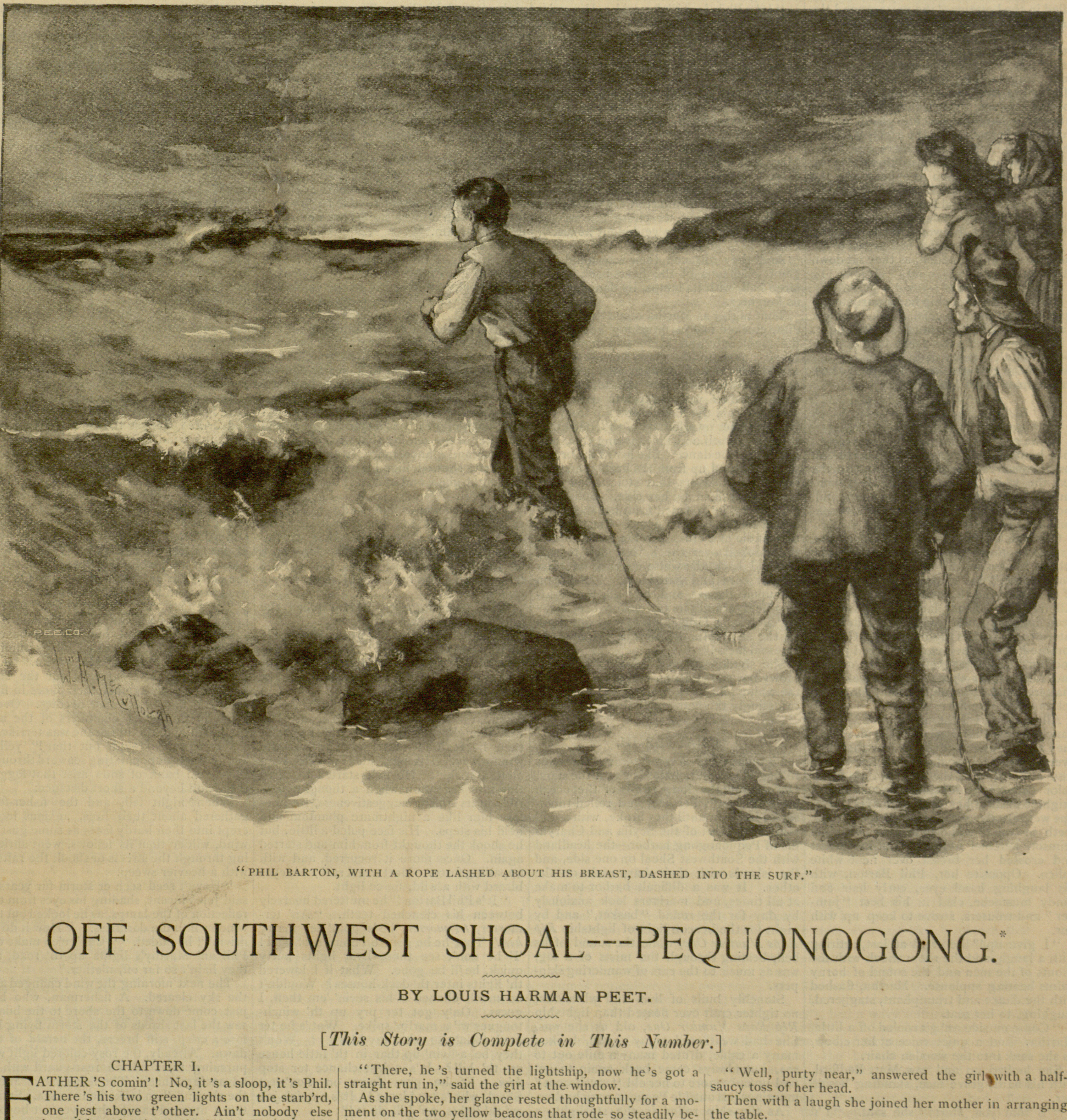

"PHIL BARTON, WITH A ROPE LASHED ABOUT HIS BREAST, DASHED INTO THE SURF."

OFF SOUTHWEST SHOAL---PEQUONOGONG.*

BY LOUIS HARMAN PEET.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

"FATHER 'S comin' ! No, it 's a sloop, it 's Phil. There 's his two green lights on the starb'rd, one jest above t' other. Ain't nobody else 'round hyar kerries starb'rd lights like that 'cept Phil Barton. Wherever did he git that noshun ?"

The words came briskly in clear accents from a young girl who stood before an open window looking out in the deepening twilight upon the sea. The cool summer evening breeze just stirred the crimson kerchief about her throat. One of her strong brown hands leaned against the window-frame while the other held to her quick, blue eyes a glass with which she swept the dark level of the waters stretching below.

" How he 's comin' ! Must hev the tide !" she exclaimed half turning to a hardy woman who stood trimming a lamp she had just lighted and placed on a table set with heavy white dishes.

" Phil's a smart un at the boats," said the woman setting a knife by a plate.

"There, he 's turned the lightship, now he 's got a straight run in," said the girl at the window.

As she spoke, her glance rested thoughtfully for a moment on the two yellow beacons that rode so steadily beyond the harbor's entrance, warning all from the dangerous Southwest Shoal on one side and from the jagged rocks that sprang from the closely tangled islands on the southeast. From her childhood they had been to her the symbols of truth, faithfulness and constancy, and night after night, as she watched them strike their lights into the growing dark, she had woven about them many of her most sacred thoughts and of her holiest feelings. On nights when the wind was high and the roar of the surf heavy along the shore, she had often crept fearfully to her window, but found them shining through the darkness as steadily as ever. Then, reassured, she would steal back to her warm bed and with a thankful prayer fall fast asleep.

" Father sez Phil's boat 's the fastest fur her size, round hyar," said the girl, turning and putting up the glass.

" He 's a likely feller," said her mother. " An' most as good as Mart, be n't he ?"

" Well, purty near," answered the girl with a half-saucy toss of her head.

Then with a laugh she joined her mother in arranging the table.

" Yes, Mart Bedford 's goin' to be jest like his father, steady an' hard-workin'," said Mrs. Vincent, reflectively. "It 's many a night yer father hev said how thankful he was old John Bedford had the watch on the lightship the night he got wrecked. He was drivin' right onto Sou'west Shoal when Mart's father got sight o' him from the lightship. It was nigh along to winter, an' the wind was dreadful. But Mart's father got the crew in the long boat from the lightship an' rescued yer father. And your father hain't the on'y man John Bedford's saved in his twenty-three years o' beatin' weather on that lightship. It 's an awful life, it be, an' I doan't see how John ever stan's it. On'y them as has took long v'y'ges, whalers, ever does. Ter be allus pitchin' an' tumblin' an' rollin', an' never sailin' nowhere, allus tied still, thumpin' an' frettin', no home, no fam'ly, ridin' out gales on cables that be ready to snap any minnit—I 'm never thankful enuff yer father hain't tied ter eny sech life. The Lord knows a fisherman's life hev hardships enough, but it hain't eny such trial es that."

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The two women continued spreading the table in silence for a few minutes, and then the elder suddenly broke out with:

"Why, Marthy, night arter ter-morrer be the dance at the ole boat-house, hain't it?"

And a proud look came into the gray-haired woman's eyes as they rested on the features of her daughter. For Martha Vincent was the belle of the old fisher port Pequonogong. The hardy life she led had taken none of the womanly sweetness from her features.

"Yes," said Martha. "Mart and Phil hev both had the'r han's full gittin' the ole place cleaned out, an' we was decoratin' it this mornin'. Mart got out some ole flags his father had from his v'y'ges, an' we filled in the bottoms o' the posts around the hall with grasses from the headland."

Just then the kitchen door pushed open, and a fine specimen of the New-England fisher folk, bronzed and hardened by the daily struggle with wind and wave, entered. His bright blue eyes had the fresh open look of the sea, though there were times when they had the piercing gleam of the gull's, or flamed with the steely blaze of the blue lightning. But there was nothing except deep affection in them now as they rested fondly on the gray and the golden heads of his wife and his daughter.

"Ye hev had good luck?" they asked.

"Yes," he answered, in a voice that was like the sound of the waves breaking along a reef. "But we heared bad news o' old John Bedford," he added, as they sat down at the table.

"Bad news!"

"Yes, th' ole lightship had a purty tough spell in yesternight's gale, an' ole John got hurt at th' winches, puttin' up th' light. I heared as how he was taken back to hum t'-day on th' tender, it bein' her day for goin' out to th' lightship. I hope as how th' ole man hain't bad off."

CHAPTER II.

In the curving shelter of the sandy slopes that bent about Peguonogong harbor and lost themselves in a bleak headland in the sea, the white homes of that fisher community lay in the light of the round full moon, nestling together like a flock of sea-gulls that had just alighted.

Close down by the water's edge, one structure, much larger than any of the others, known in the harbor as the "Ole Boat-House," was ringing with the sound of the fiddle and the tread of dancing feet. All day long, fisher lads and lasses had been hard at work transforming its stern interior into one of lighter look. Grasses sprouted about the heavy-timbered pillars and burst in feathery tufts from the corbels and rafters; sea-shells of wondrous hues shattered the light of the lamps into the colors of the rainbow.

All eyes were bent on Martha Vincent dancing with Phil Barton. Up and down they went; faster and faster flew their feet over the resounding floor. As her bosom rose and fell with the exercise, a quicker color came into Martha's cheeks and a brighter flash to her dark-blue eyes. Her lips were partly open and showed her white teeth in a half-smile beneath. A simple crimson kerchief nestled about her throat and crossed her breast over neat white calico. Opposite her, Phil Barton, with his laughing hazel eyes, curly hair and sandy mustache, clad in his best "jumper" and trousers, strove to keep up with her.

"I give up!" he cried at last, retiring with a laugh, and the room shook with the shouts of the men and the sound of horny palms beating applause. Martha, flushed with the dance and triumphant, staggered, laughing, to her seat.

"Come outside an' git cooled off a little, Martha," said a quiet voice at her elbow, as she sank into the wooden chair.

She looked up and saw Mart Bedford, with his hard, grave face, standing beside her.

"'S that you, Mart?" she said. "I 'd jest as lief." And, rising, she passed with him out into the open launching-hall of the old boat-house. The place was used for the building of small craft, and a number of unfinished boats, in the various stages of construction, showed their ribs against the darkness in the half-light that came in from the open arch at the far end.

They sat down on one of the boats and looked out through the arch upon the harbor. Very quiet it seemed and still. Here and there they could see a few stars in its depths and an occasional gleam of gold where the moon touched a ripple.

"Martha," said Mart, "you an' I hev played together when we wus young uns an' hev bin together allus, more or less. What schoolin' we 've hed we 've hed t'gether. I toted yer books an' things an' looked arter yer, didn't I?"

"Why, yes, Mart, in course yer did. What 's ailin' ye?"

And Martha bent her lustrous blue eyes on his grave, still face.

Mart moved a little and his hand tightened on the boat-frame. His broad chest rose and fell sharply, and he swallowed as if something stuck in his throat.

"I can't wait no longer t' tell ye!" he said, suddenly seizing her hand. "Father 's got hurt on th' lightship, an' I 've got ter tek his place ter-morrer onless ye say ye 'll hev me. Martha, ye 've known all along as I loved ye. Say ye 'll hev me, Martha, an' we 'll tek the little white house up yonder 'long by yer father's."

But Martha sat silent, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"It 's Phil, is it?" he said. His voice was low—so low it seemed but a whisper. "Come!" he added, rising. "Le' 's go in."

"Oh, Mart," she said, reaching up and putting both her hands on his shoulders, "don't go in like that! Ye know I liked ye allus, but—but not that a way. Don't look so hurt, Mart! Don't le've me like that, Mart!"

Her eyes scanned his face earnestly, and Mart, as he looked down into them, saw there were tears in them.

"No, no, Martha," he said softly, but with an effort, "ye mustn't cry for me. I asked ye ter-night ter chuse atween me an' Phil Barton, an' ye 've done it honestly. Come, le' 's go back."

And they retraced their way amid the gaunt skeletons of the boats back to the large hall, with its lamps, its dancing feet, its laughter.

That night, as Martha stood before her dim, cracked mirror, brushing her hair in the candlelight and looking at her white-robed image in the glass, her eyes shone with a light that had never gleamed from them before. She saw the long, white sand dimpled with footprints dark with shadows from the moon wind up from the village to her own home on the outskirts. She saw herself and Phil picking their way back from the dance. She heard the breeze that whispered up from the harbor, and she heard the whispers that stole to her from him who walked by her side. Suddenly, the bright light faded from her eyes, and one of sorrow took its place. She blew out the candle and crossed to her little window that looked over the harbor out to sea. She slid back the white curtains on their slender cord and gazed out. The moon was upon the sea and, beyond, the lightship held steadily its two yellow beacons.

"T' tek his father's place way out there on the sea, with the storms, the ice, the lonesomeness!"

She shuddered, and crept away to her snowy bower. But, as she sank to rest on the white pillows, her soft lips murmured caressingly the name of Philip.

CHAPTER III.

Lightship *Rip Raps Number One* was rolling idly at her chains beneath the stars. One by one the long swells of the ocean passed beneath her keel and rolled themselves lazily on until they broke, with a dull roar, at the feet of the Scylla and Charybdis of Pequonogong harbor—the headland with the Southwest Shoal on one side, and the islands with their sharp rocks on the other. It was a difficult harbor to make at all times, and mariners look anxiously by day for the round "basket," and by night for the beacon light of lightship *Rip Raps Number One*, while the sound of its bell, beating through the mists of a fog, was as music to the ears of wandering skippers.

Stanchly built of live- and white-oak, no tighter craft ever floated than lightship *Rip Raps Number One*, old as she was. She had weathered many a gale, broken many a cable, drifted many a mile out to sea, but always came back again to get tied up once more to her old "mushroom" moorings just outside Pequonogong harbor.

As the ship rolled in the starlight, a young man of stalwart build, clad in the usual garb of a fisherman, paced slowly up and down the deck. Now and then he stopped in his walk and studied the sea and sky attentively, as if to catch the slightest change in their aspect. At times he raised his eyes to the lights streaming from the copper octagonal lanterns up on the masts. His keen eyes took in at a glance all their detail—the flame of the lamps, the tackle that lifted the roofs of the deck-houses built about the masts, and into which the lanterns were lowered when not in use, and the winches which raised the beacons to their places on the masts. Satisfied that all was right, he slowly took up the solitary tread of his "watch," to and fro, back and forth, along the lonely deck, with the wind singing a mournful drone through the ratlines, with the ship rolling at her chains, with the desolate sea about him.

"Two months gone by ter-morrer!" said Mart. "On'y two months! Wot 'll th' years be?"

He paused in his walk and leaned on the bulwark rail, his face turned to the harbor with its distant lights standing out like spangles against the darkness. For a time he stood silent, watching them intently. Then he said, slowly:

"An' it warn't fer me ter hev my home-light, too, over thar amongst th' rest on 'em!"

There was a hard, bitter ring in his voice and a brooding look in his eyes. Gradually a wistful expression crept into them; his face became less stern and stolid and a sigh escaped his lips. Then, with an impatient movement, he scanned the sky and water and resumed his walk. The stars stood out clearly overhead, but a light mist was creeping in from the sea. As he walked in the deep silence of the night, his thoughts went back to the dance at the old boat-house and to Martha as she stood before him, the light of her eyes dimmed with tears. Suddenly he stopped in his walk.

"Le' 's see! It 's ter-morrer! Ter-morrer she 'll be Phil Barton's wife, and a new home-light 'll be burnin' over thar." And he looked across to the harbor and its lights with a fixed stare, like one walking in a dream.

He shivered, and then, as if to shut from his sight their scintillations and the thoughts they aroused, he turned sharply on his heel, and, crossing to the windward side of the vessel, looked out to sea.

The mist was still creeping across the waters. Light, faint and filmy, to an unpracticed eye it would scarcely have been discernible. As Mart stood watching it grow from a thin haze to a clearly defined vapor, stealing gradually nearer, he saw a dim light struggle, at intervals, through its folds as they lay along the horizon. At first, he thought it was a star caught in the mist-net of the sea-fog that was rolling in; but a second glance, more scrutinizing than the first, showed him his error. He got the night-glass and raised it to the struggling light.

"It 's a schooner," he said. "No, it 's a sloop. He 's too fur over t' le'ward. What 's he doin' way over thar, drivin' right fur the Sou'west Shoal! Ain't seen as yet, from the mist about him. 'F he holds that course fur a spell longer, he 's a goner, sure!"

With straining eyes Mart watched the faint light glide through the mist.

"There 's her green light on th' starb'd; there 's— What 's thet!" He bent eagerly forward. "There 's another green light above it! It 's Phil Barton goin' straight onter Sou'west Shoal!"

Mart gasped for breath. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. His first thought was to rush for the fog-bell; then he realized that the wind was the wrong way. His next idea was to send aloft a rocket. He half started to carry this into execution when a thought, horrible in its sinister suggestiveness, rose before him like a nightmare phantom and held his steps. His face paled a little, but he shook the thought from him and started again. Once more it recurred, and with appalling force. Mart stood still; his eyes blazed with a wild, fierce light.

"It's Phil Barton!" he muttered hoarsely between his clenched teeth. "An' ter-morrer, *ter-morrer*, he 's goin' ter marry *her!* Thar he be goin' on Sou'west Shoal! 'F he don't see these hyar lights purty quick, he 'll be gone. What if I lowered th' lights inter th' deck houses? Wouldn't be much chance o' his seein' 'em then, I guess. On'y got ter pry up th' winch-tongues wi' a marlin' spike. Wot 's he ter me? Ain't he tuk away Marthy? Won't they be a-livin' up thar in th' little house on th' hill? It 's a last chance ter stop *him*. Ef he goes down on Sou'west Shoal, who 's ter blame? It 's a quick job wi' th' lights, an' I 'll do it!"

A hard, evil look came into his face as he drew a marline-spike from the rack and sprang to the forward winch. He drove the spike well in under the tongue that held the gearing, and, making a bight in a rope, slipped it over the opposite handles and then passed it through a block behind to ease the downward rush of the lantern. Then he seized the roof-tackle of the deck-house. He was about to pull them open to admit the lantern above, when a sickening sensation came upon him and a choking in the throat. Right before him, staring out at him from the darkness, stood the aged, weather-beaten features of his father. There was a look of horror in the old man's eyes. Then the vision vanished, leaving Mart, pale and trembling, staggering against the deck-house. He passed his hand across his forehead in a dazed manner, and as he drew it away he noticed that it was wet. Then he looked up at the lights. They were burning steadily aloft.

"What was I a-doin'? Me! Old John Bedford's son! Old John Bedford wi' his twenty year an' more hon'rable service an' life-savin'!"

Mart buried his face in his hands and, groaning, burst into tears. His stalwart frame shook with the spasms that swept through it. Then, lifting his head, he stumbled toward the fog-bell up in the bow. As he passed along, he looked for the green lights to see if they were still threading their way through the mist. As he raised the glass, he saw the two green lights holding their course to Southwest Shoal. Just as he was about to drop the glass, he saw them suddenly turn and head straight for the lightship.

"He 's seen us!" gasped Mart, catching hold of the bulwark, his eyes riveted on the approaching sloop. The two green lights with the red one on the port, now visible, came steadily on. As it got within hail, a cheery voice, which Mart recognized as Phil Barton's, rang through the darkness:

"Ship, ahoy!"

"Ahoy, there!" answered Mart, with difficulty.

"We got yer lights jest in time over thar!"

Mart tried to answer, but his throat was dry and parched, and the words he strove to utter ran into inarticulate sounds.

With a quick, hissing sound the sloop passed under the stern of the lightship toward the harbor beyond. Mart watched her sail wing its way until it disappeared in the darkness.

"He 's gone!" he said, as he lost its last faint outline. "He 's gone hum to her, safe an' sound! Thank God!"

CHAPTER IV.

Snow was flying through the streets of Pequonogong. It tinkled against the windows and drifted against the doors. Here and there the wind swept it from the eddies of the roofs in swirling clouds, or beat it into a flying fringe along the eaves and gables. As the day wore on, the storm increased in violence. The wind rose from a gale to a hurricane. It howled in the chimneys, swept the shingles and shook the windows. Old fishermen, who had passed their lives in the village, said they had "never seed a wusser un," while the younger blood of the place put on their storm garments and went down to look after the boats.

"It 's a stiff un!" shouted Phil Barton in the ears of a group of hardy lads who stood knotted about him on the beach, watching the white-crested waves tumble in before the fury of the storm. The wind, raging straight in from the sea, drove the snow against their faces in fine particles, that stung like needles. Overhead, in the upper chambers of the air, the hurtling of the hurricane was terrific.

"It must be tough out thar!" yelled one of the group, pointing seaward through the dense bank of snow-mist that fogged the vision beyond a short distance.

When night fell, and the fisher-folk gathered about their fires, anxious looks crept into their hardy faces as some gust of wind, wilder than its fellows, went shrieking through the streets or shook the rafters with a heavier sweep.

"Hevn't seed sech er storm fur years!" said Jep Vincent, shading his eyes from the reflection of the lamps, as he looked out the window into the darkness. "How it do be drivin'," he added. "Can't e'en make out Phil an' Marthy's lights up th' road, an' they hain't so fur off, n'ether."

The next morning the wind changed and the sky cleared. A fisherman, who had just come down to the shore to the boats, saw the last shreds of the storm flying before a crisp, stiff breeze, the herald of the dawn. Already, the rosy-colored light was pursuing their routed rear-guard with its advancing lances. The fisherman scanned the sky and then looked out to sea. Something unusual caught his eye, out beyond the headland, and he studied it closely with his searching glance. Suddenly he uttered a cry:

"It 's th' lightship broke her cable an' goin' on Sou'west Shoal!"

And hastening back into the village, he spread the alarm.

A crowd of men, women and children fought its way through the snow to the beach on the headland. The wind had died down, but the waves, still maddened by their recent lashing, flung in from the sea heavy billows that dashed a thundering surf along the sand. Out beyond lay the lightship, fast going to pieces. She had parted her cable for the last time. A boat suddenly dropped from her side and headed inshore. A shout went up from the beach as it was seen. But the boat had gone but a few cables' lengths when it capsized. A few despairing wretches clung to it for an instant, but another wave swept them off and buried them, boat and all, from sight. On the beach strong men wept and women screamed as they saw it.

“Gimme room hyar!” rang a voice above the tumult; and Phil Barton, with a rope lashed about his breast, dashed through the throng into the surf. When they drew him back, he held in his arms the form of a man. Ready hands carried them up on beach. Phil struggled to his feet and started to go in again, but the men held him back.

“Why, it 's Mart!” said a woman's voice.

And turning, Phil saw Martha, his wife, bending over the prostrate form he had just drawn from the sea. The form stirred, gasped heavily and slowly the eyes opened. They rested on Phil, who, with his hand on Martha's shoulder, stood looking down into their upturned gaze. As they met Phil's look, there was at first a vacant expression in their dull depths; then, seeing him, a light came into them. For a moment the two men looked steadfastly at each other. Then the clenched lips of the prostrate man opened slowly.

“I 'm glad, Phil,” he said, in a weak voice, every word accompanied with a long-drawn breath, “as 'twas *me* as went down on Sou'west Shoal.”

The lips twitched convulsively, the bright light went from the upturned eyes, and a fixed stare stood in them. With a gasp, Mart Bedford fell back on the sand, lifeless.

THE END.

THE SPANISH TREASURE.*

A Story of Love and the Love of Gold.

BY ISABELLA CASTELAR.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

[Dolores Mendoza, afterward called Lorita, saves Mary Hamilton's life. An intimate friendship springs up, resulting in the former making her home with the millionaire Hamiltons, late of California, as a “sister” of Mary Hamilton, called Maruja by Dolores, who confides to Mary her life-history: She states that her mother Alice was of Scotch birth, who, with her [Alice's] father, an improvident Scotchman, named Lindsay, settled in California in the pioneering days, where he lost his life, leaving Dolores's mother Alice, at eighteen, a homeless orphan. Alice was loved by a young Spaniard, Rafael Mendoza, rich in gold, herds, flocks and fabulous wealth buried in some far canyon of which he alone held the secret. From their marriage day, a curse pursued them. His gold and flocks disappearing, his mind failed and he sank into hopeless imbecility. From this last affliction he only roused occasionally, when he would helplessly murmur: “The curse of the Mendozas—the curse of the wronged Indian girl!” Señor Mendoza died, lamenting to the last his loss of the knowledge of the secret hiding-place of the buried treasure—a loss due to his impaired intellect. His grave was not more than twenty feet from the treasure. Señora Mendoza and her full-grown daughter Dolores came East where the former died. While Dolores is an inmate of the Hamiltons' mansion, the Hon. Clarence Stanley comes to New York. He became acquainted with Mary Hamilton in California whither he migrated, he explains, from England, while a boy, after having quarreled with his father, the Earl of Windermere. In the event of his elder brother Frederick's death without an heir, Clarence would be the immediate successor to the estates and earldom of Windermere. A small fortune inherited from his mother now, owing to profitable investments in California, yields him an independent income. To Dolores, who has not yet seen him, Mary confesses that she “likes” Stanley. On introduction to Stanley, Dolores drops, insensible, on a lounge. While the others hasten for restoratives, Clarence and the unconscious girl are left alone. Stooping over Dolores, he pushes aside her hair from the brow, disclosing on the left temple a heart-shaped, ruby-colored mole. He turns to a mirror and on his own temple exposes a black-colored mole, in shape the counterpart of the girl's. “We two are the last of the Mendozas,” he mutters. After he smooths back the hair on the girl's brow, Mary and her mother appear. Dolores's unconsciousness has unwittingly resulted from the exercise of Stanley's remarkable mesmeric powers. A few passes bring her to. At the opera, the occupants of a box manifest unusual interest in Stanley and Mary Hamilton, who sit opposite. The interested ones are Bertha Sefton, a bosom friend of Mary's, Olive Gaye, who is on good terms with the Earl of Windermere, and a young married Frenchwoman called Celestine. At the Hamiltons', Stanley is introduced to Olive. Presently he retires with Dolores's locket, which, by an accidental pressure upon a hidden spring, reveals a parchment containing the secret of The Spanish Treasure. With the aid of Henri Van Tassel, professor of hypnotism, whom Stanley puts in a trance, the latter unravels the mysterious message: “The spot is twelve paces from a sycamore with twelve trunks. . . There the treasure was buried Oct. 12, 1792, by a descendant of the Indian princess. . . The treasure can only be found by true Mendozas, male and female, joined in wedlock, whose hearts are pure. . .” Before Stanley and Mary, Dolores reads “A Legend of the Mendozas,” contained in a MS. inherited from her father. It begins with a recital of Columbus's voyage of discovery.

Sailor Pedro Mendoza, who leaves his wife Juanita and his son Raphael in Spain [father and son have the heart-shaped mole], is actuated to join the Columbus expedition by his inordinate lust for gold. Arrived in the New World, he shifts for himself in search of his idol. Pretending to be a celestial visitor, he easily overawes a peaceful aboriginal people under a chief, Cacique Ornofay. Ornofay's daughter, beautiful Princess Anacaona, or Golden Flower, is charmed with the stranger and shows him where gold is to be found. On one of these quests, they are spied upon by a jealous Indian, whom, in defending himself from his murderous onslaught, Pedro kills.]

CHAPTER XIV.

“A LEGEND OF THE MENDOZAS—*(Continued).*”

“ALL was over so quickly that Mendoza, willing and desirous as he had been to rid himself forever of the spying Indian, scarcely realized what he had done till a sharp cry from Golden Flower roused him to it.

“He turned toward her, but she buried her face in her hands and shrank from him in horror. He approached and tried to take her hands in his, but she thrust him from her and cried out:

“‘Thou art no messenger from *our* god! He is the giver of life, but thou dost take it from us! Away—away—thou evil one!’

“Mendoza saw, with dismay, that he had committed a terrible blunder. This simple and innocent people ascribed to their deity only beneficent attributes and worshiped in him the giver of life and all good things. Other deities they knew of to whose baleful influence they attributed death and all sorts of lesser calamities, but those gods were hated and reviled; and, while they were to be propitiated by gifts and occasionally by cruel sacrifices, they were never worshiped.

“Fear lent him both wit and eloquence. He flung himself at the feet of Anacaona, and, forgetting all claim to celestial powers, he wooed her as a man, with all the ardor of passion, with all the skill of one well versed in mortal love-making, and with all the earnestness of a criminal pleading for life. What she failed to comprehend of his speech Anacaona readily understood by his gestures and the burning pressure of his lips upon her hands. Tears flowed from her eyes, and her breast heaved with sobs. Seeing this, Pedro changed from entreaty to command. He forbade her to judge him as she would judge lesser beings. He justified himself by calling her attention to the fact that he had struck in self-defense—in defense of the deity from whom he came. The dead man had been guilty of sacrilege, and even the giver of life must withdraw the gift when it was used against himself.

“The Golden Flower listened and was convinced—more through her eyes than by her understanding; for never had the Spaniard appeared to her so wonderful, so irresistible; and if an element of fear was now mingled with her adoration, that only served to strengthen it. She was but a poor untutored savage, after all, and fear makes more slaves than love. She had found her master, and it was with the unreasoning tenacity of an animal that she loved him, while the new passion of fear served but to rivet her chains.

“She turned from the dead man, and, with drooping head, gave her hand to his murderer. Pedro clasped it closely, triumphantly, and they returned to the city.

“Ornofay was neither so shocked nor so terrified as his daughter. He had observed his jealous kinsman and had heard his threats, and he accepted Pedro's justification as a matter of course. Gods, even such as they worshiped, were terrible in their anger; therefore, they must not be angered.

“The marriage of Anacaona and Mendoza took place on the following day, with such pomp and rejoicings as had never till that hour been known on the island. Pedro was amazed at the graceful dancing of the Indians. Later, he understood that these dances were often of a serious and mystic character, though more frequently joyous; but now he was content to admire them simply for their grace and charm. As they danced, the Indians chanted, with wonderful harmony of voice and movement, many songs of love; and in this, as in all accomplishments, the Golden Flower excelled, for she had the poet's gift, and while she danced she improvised a steady stream of song, which they called *areytos*. Of these ballads Pedro could understand nothing, except that he was the hero of them and her passion for him the unceasing theme. The chief instrument of their music was called a *maguey*, a rude timbrel made of sea-shells and the bones of fishes; and Mendoza now understood their frantic delight over the hawks' bells he had bestowed on them. These they called *turey*, and believed to contain angel voices. As many as possessed the bells had strung them, with beautiful shells, about their wrists, and as they now danced in wild and beautiful grace, the Spaniard found himself reminded of the castanets and dark-eyed maidens of his native land. Feasting succeeded the music and dancing, and then the wedded couple received gifts—last of all—oh, joy for Mendoza!—a calabash filled with glittering dust of gold!

“Pedro's first year on the island passed happily enough, for every day was full of interest. His wife fulfilled her promise to set her people to gather gold for him, and although it was not found in such quantities as he had been led to expect, there was, by the end of the year, a heap of it that would have made him as rich as a grandee of Spain.

“With this thought came a longing to get back to his native land, where he hoped to purchase power and recognition almost as great as he now enjoyed. This intention to return to Spain, when he had garnered wealth enough to satisfy him, had been in the mind of Mendoza from the first; and now that custom was destroying the awe and reverence of his Indian subjects, he felt now great a risk it must ever be for Jupiter to descend from Olympus.

“His love for the precious yellow stuff continued unabated, and there was no joy he could think of to equal the joy he felt in bathing his hands in the glittering dust, or holding between his palms the shining nuggets, which he could now count by the hundred. It sent a thrill of delight quivering along every nerve, and, for a time, he included Anacaona in this joy as being its chief source; and she had shown him other treasures of their island, too. He possessed a collection of pearls, gathered from the river that flowed through the island, and a number of precious stones that might have ransomed the greatest king in Christendom.

“In boyhood, Pedro had been employed by a Jewish lapidary, and had thus acquired a knowledge of gems that served him well in the selection of the best. As his knowledge of the country and its resources increased, so his regard for the Golden Flower diminished, and he only awaited an opportunity to desert both her and his subjects forever, taking with him his little daughter Dolores and his treasures of gold and gems. But the second year passed, and the third was drawing to a close before his preparations were completed; and in all that time he saw little hope of ever being able to effect his escape. He had made himself thoroughly acquainted with his domain, although it was a large one, and he had several times revisited the shores of that beautiful bay where the Spanish ships had anchored when Columbus first set foot on the island, and he now recalled that great man's plans for colonizing the New World, which, with his fellow-sailors, he had been wont to ridicule as the chimerical schemes of a crazy visionary.

“How eagerly he now looked forward to the possibility of such schemes being, at least, attempted!

“From the shore-natives he learned that mysterious ships had recently been seen; and if Columbus or another had again found the shores of the New World, it was reasonable to expect that they would still come a third time, a fourth and continuously. He well knew the Spanish thirst for gold, and at times his hopes ran high. If he sometimes remembered his own conduct in deserting his commander, it did not trouble him. He had a well-planned story to explain it.

“But the third year passed and the fourth was growing old, and yet the longed-for sail had not been seen; and Pedro began to feel that his stay on the island had become hateful captivity. The shore-natives had received his orders to watch day and night for the Spanish ships, and once their swiftest runners had come to him with the news that the great canoes of the pale-face *cacique*, with spread wings, had been seen again; and Pedro hastened to the beach. But nothing was there—nothing but what seemed a sail disappearing in the distance. Many days and nights they watched the sea, but only the glory of its blue beauty rewarded them.

“Meantime, however, Pedro continued his preparations, but in secret and with fear as well as hope.

“Many of the Indians had never recovered from the feeling engendered in their minds by the murder of their brother; and although the body of the jealous man had been buried where it fell, and had been refused the customary rites of sepulture because he had raised his hand against a celestial being, there were those among the malcontents who visited his grave as a sacred spot. Also the Golden Flower had once said to Pedro that the spirit of her murdered kinsman had appeared to her and had warned her against the white man. All this alarmed Mendoza, and he longed to get away from these uncertain savages, who might kneel to him in adoration on one day and burn him on the next, as the embodiment of all their evil gods. But above all other creatures, he now feared his wife, the beautiful Golden Flower.

“Anacaona had greatly changed since her marriage with the Spaniard. More beautiful than ever and more devotedly, slavishly attached to him, she had grown jealous and fierce and, poisoned by fear, suspicious and deceitful. The luminous eyes, once radiant with happiness, now burned and glowed with angry fire. The voices that had seemed like angel music wafted from distant spheres now whispered dreadful thoughts and dark suspicions to her soul. The shadowy forms of light that had once peopled all the air about her now gave place to grisly and threatening figures, forever warning her against the man she adored—the husband whom she could not choose but love, though he might slay her. More than once Mendoza had seen her fall as one dead, her face and form rigid, her eyes wide open but staring upward; and then her tense lips would unclose, and voices he never knew would issue from them, speaking in a language he could not understand.

“These trances, clairvoyant visions, cataleptic seizures, whatever the advanced science of to-day may prefer to call them, were common to this Indian princess, and they were regarded with awe and veneration by her people. But to Mendoza they were the cause of unutterable horror, and it was with profound and shuddering fear that he believed his Indian wife to be possessed of the devil.

“In one of these trances Anacaona had suddenly spoken in the voice of Juanita. She told him of their child, little Raphael, left to the mercy of strangers. She spoke of the little churchyard where her body was laid to rest. She forgave him for his perfidy and desertion, but she conjured him to live a better life. What did it mean? These were Juanita's very tones. The description of the home where he had left her and of the little church-yard was perfect. Pedro felt his hair rise as if a cold breeze had blown through it, while icy beads of perspiration started up on his brow. He had never talked of these things to Anacaona. Had he spoken in his sleep, and was this a trick to deceive him? He bent over the rigid form and glared into the wide-open eyes. He caught her up in his arms and shook her. He pinched the neck and arms till his nails sunk into the flesh. Not a cry; not the quiver of an eyelash. With a hoarse, muttered oath, full of rage and fear, the Spaniard turned and fled. He never dared to remember that scene, but in vain he tried to forget it; and a frantic desire grew on him to return to Juanita and Raphael—but always with Dolores! However or whenever he should make his escape, he determined, with all his evil strength of will, to carry his little daughter.

“Never was a more beautiful or more exquisite creature born into the world than the little Dolores. Paler in color than her mother, her skin had the rich olive tint of Spain, and her large eyes had that intensity of color and star-like brilliance that have made the maidens of Madrid famed throughout the world. They had also the luminous radiance that had once thrown a light like a halo above the brow of Anacaona. Her abundant hair, as black as her mother's, had a wavy softness unknown to the Indian's, and on her lips and cheeks was the hue of the ripe pomegranate. She had all the beauty of both parents and more, as if the union of two races had combined to produce a third, distinct and original. From her father she had inherited the Mendoza birth-mark, and the little, heart-shaped mole on her left temple was the color of bright amber, deepening under the stress of emotion till it looked like a brilliant topaz raised from the pale-olive skin. The mysterious psychic temperament inherited from her mother could already be seen in the dreamy look, that gave an expression of exaltation to the childish face, as if the spirit already saw through the coming centuries.

“The Indians adored the little Dolores. Her mother once more lived the happy innocence of girlhood in the child's radiant smile, and even Pedro Mendoza had a few sacred moments, when his little daughter seemed more precious than the yellow glitter of the only god he had ever worshiped.

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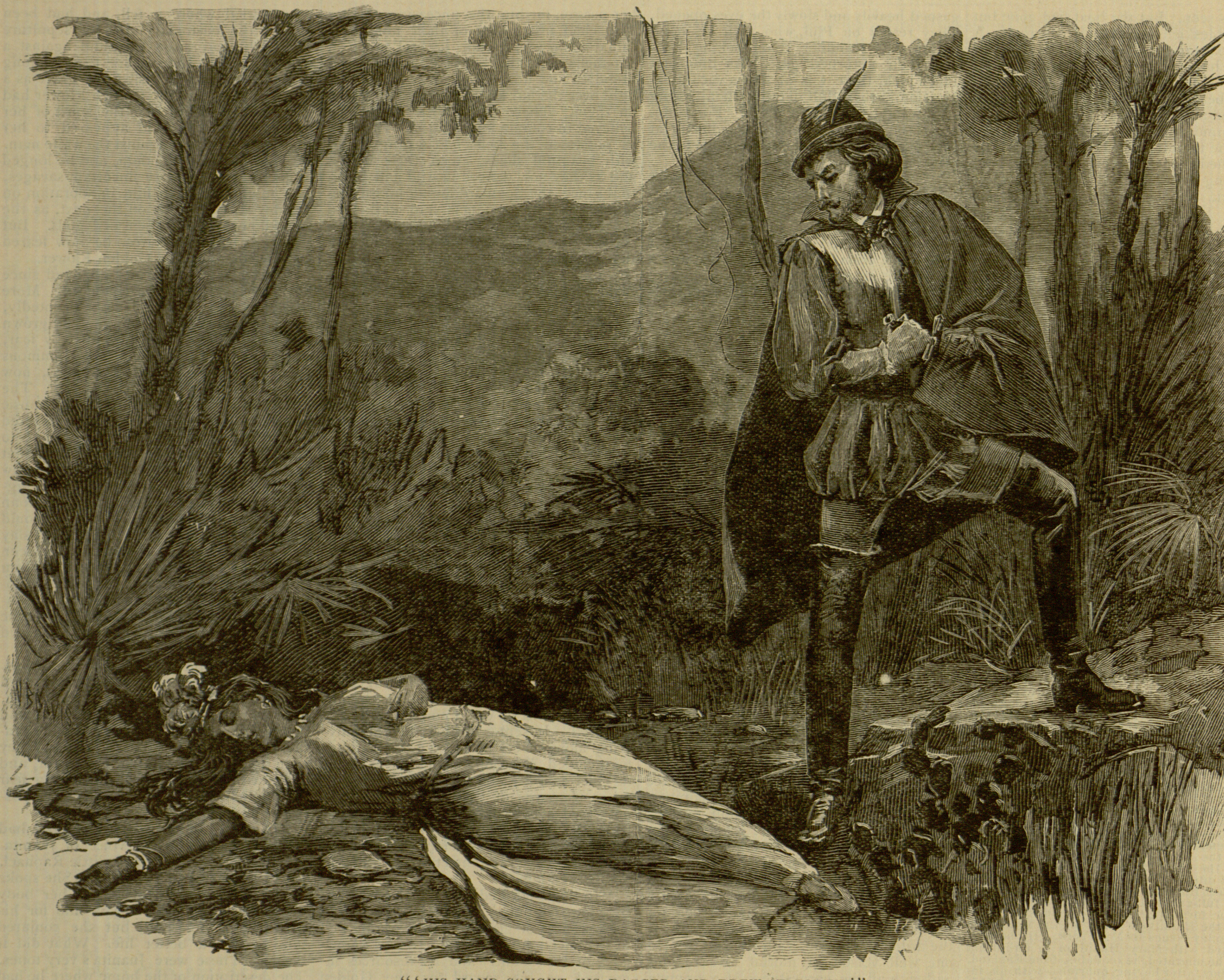

"'HIS HAND SOUGHT HIS DAGGER AND DREW IT FORTH.'"

But, for her sake as well as his own, he now longed more than ever to get away from this island that had once seemed the entrance to Paradise. He had wild dreams of the future. His wealth would be fabulous, and with the blood of Spanish nobles, to which he laid claim, might gain him a recognition and a place among the princes—if he could but make his escape!

"It was in the year 1498 that word came to Mendoza that a Spanish ship lay at anchor less than a league from the shore, and had sent boats for a supply of water. The news was brought by his two favorite Indians, who had remained entirely faithful to him, and who always continued to believe him a messenger from the skies. He had given them the fanciful but appropriate names of Fleetfoot and Scarlet Wings, in token of their swiftness; and he would now have accompanied them, at their best speed, in order to greet his pale-face friends, had not Anacaona suddenly confronted him.

"With a superb gesture of command she waved away all who were standing near, and then she spoke, in low, concentrated tones.

"'Traitor!' she said. 'Wouldst thou leave me? Ah, *mio amico!* Pedro, beloved one, hast thou no heart? Or, art thou indeed a god of evil, as many of my people say? But, beware! If I but raise my hand, there are those who will rend thee limb from limb and burn thy false heart to ashes!'

"And Mendoza, cowering before her, felt the truth of this dreadful threat and knew in every fiber that his safety lay in the fact that he was the husband of Anacaona and the father of Dolores. It was also useless to deny his intention to quit the island, for he had before now seen that the Golden Flower possessed the power to read his thoughts and even to put them in the very words he had in his mind.

"For a moment he stood overwhelmed, despair in his heart, and feeling that he could never now escape from this accursed island. Then he suddenly raised his head proudly and opened wide his arms, while a glow of well-simulated feeling lit up his eyes and flushed his face.

"'Come with me!' he cried in his most persuasive tones. 'Thou shalt be my queen in a land where all men are gods, as I am, and all women queens, but none so beautiful as thyself! A land that is truly that heaven you see in your dreams, and to which I can carry you without dying—that heaven where our little Dolores may live forever, and where death, the terror and fear of this world, can never reach us!'

"With a cry of joy, Anacaona rushed into his arms and was clasped to his heart; and, with devout thanksgiving, Pedro knew that, for the present at least, he was safe. He had observed with wonder and fear that the more Anacaona was under his influence the less her power became to read his thoughts or foresee his intentions. This psychological mystery, like everything else connected with his Indian wife, served only to increase his dread and horror of her; but for the safety of his gold and his life, he was ready to swear a thousand oaths of love and fidelity, and so regain all his power over the Golden Flower. He quickly explained his purpose, and, having vowed her to secrecy, hurried to the shore to make arrangements for quitting the island.

"It was natural that Anacaona, as soon as she no longer felt the spell of his presence and the influence of his voice and touch, should begin to doubt him; and while assuring her own heart that she believed and trusted him, she resolved that she would closely watch him. Pedro had built a store-room for his gold and gems in a cave at the foot of a mountain—a sacred spot where only he and his wife were permitted to go. But bolts and bars were unnecessary. The savages attached no value to gold or gems, and the fact that they were intended as offerings to *Turey* insured their safety.

"It was toward this cave that the Golden Flower turned her steps when the doubt of Pedro forced itself into her thoughts. She found the gold and precious stones undisturbed, and that sight gave her more certainty of her chief's return than had all his oaths of love, sweet though they had been while she listened to them. It was many long days before Pedro returned, but when he came he was even more loving than when they parted. Two Spaniards accompanied him, but when he told her these men were his brothers she smiled, for they were only common sailors; and Pedro was not displeased by the quick glance of comparison she flashed from them to him. She was willing to believe they had come from the same divine world, but to say they were like him—oh— And her one word of scorn was very eloquent.

"Mendoza had made all arrangements for flight and had brought some bags of leather to hold his gold; the precious stones, being easier of transportation, were to be concealed in the garments of little Dolores. For this purpose he had brought a 'sailor's housewife,' containing needles, pins, strong thread and wax. This simple outfit of sewing materials was to the Golden Flower the most wonderful thing she had yet seen; and had Pedro possessed it when he first landed on the island it would have been of priceless value to him. Anacaona was now stricken anew with admiration and awe of her great master while she watched him use, with all a sailor's deftness, these marvelous little sewing implements.

"They were seated outside the cave, at a great distance from every one; but they spoke only in the Indian language, for Pedro feared to betray too much to his Spanish friends who knew nothing of his gold and precious stones; and there was great necessity for secrecy regarding his plans so far as Dolores and Anacaona were connected with them. When he told the mother that Dolores must go first, the gentle creature was terrified at the thought of parting, even for a day, from her child; but when he explained the necessity for sending her ahead of them she became calmer; and Pedro unconsciously took the quickest way of reassuring her as to the safety of Dolores—for he was at that moment sewing up his most precious gems in the seams of a little dress the child was to wear. Wheresoever his treasures went there also was the heart of Pedro Mendoza, and he was sure to follow them.

"'And Dolores will be happy?' she asked.

"'As the angels—among angels like herself,' he answered, holding up the little dress with its skirt of bright-colored silk.

"The Indian woman laughed and clapped her hands with wonder and delight, while Mendoza explained that there were children on the ship who would receive Dolores with love and honor.

"This was true, for the expedition had brought families to colonize the new country, and among them were a few children. It had also brought such articles as would be likely to please the natives, and among them were a few bright and attractive dresses for young children. It was one of these that Pedro had obtained, with the instantaneous thought that he could secure from discovery his precious gems by sewing them up in his child's garments. As to their value, Anacaona only knew that her husband prized these precious stones as the light of his eyes; and even to her untutored taste they now looked wonderfully beautiful, for he had managed to cut and polish some of them, while others shone from nature's polishing through countless ages.

"Mendoza had already tied up his gold in the leather bags, all of which were still secreted within the cave; but the gems lay outside on the great green leaves of the cocoa-palm, and as the sunlight streamed over them they flashed back in countless rays every color of the rainbow. There were pearls of exquisite luster; opals in whose milky whiteness glowed flames of living fire; emeralds greener than the tropic verdure all about them; sapphires blue, clear and deep as the sky, and diamonds white and pure as prisoned light. Other gems there were of less value, but too fine to throw away; and, though their commonness had helped to make their owner indifferent to them, it cost him many a muttered groan to leave any of them.

"When the Indian girl had first led Mendoza to the dry bed of a river near the foot of an extinct volcano, he had found there layers of the earth's surface that had seemed at first all gems. Thousands, tens of thousands of years ago, that mountain's molten fires had poured over the jagged rocks, and from that great alchemist's laboratory in the center of the globe had been cast forth garnets, amethysts, tourmalines, like gravel on the sea-shore; but Pedro soon learned to choose only the large stones and to dig deep for those of finer and rarer quality, and all the patience and perseverance of his nature had been given to the task. For a time, he would trust no hand save his own in this work; but he was soon assured of the indifference of the Indians to these priceless gems, whose uncut, dull luster bore no comparison in their eyes to a few glittering, colored-glass beads. For a handful of the latter they would bring him all the gold and precious stones they could dig out of the earth. Ah, who so happy then as Pedro Mendoza! He could not then have dreamed that he would yet count the hours till he could flee away from this enchanted island!

"Anacaona, who had been watching the nimble fingers of her master till she felt sure she could imitate them, seized a needle and soon proved herself an apt scholar. Folding a corner of her mantle, she was about to secrete one of the finest and largest of the white stones, but Pedro quickly snatched it from her; and, pushing toward her a pile of inferior gems which he had reluctantly felt obliged to discard, he bade her sew these into her mantle and tunic.

"The Golden Flower smiled, for to her the amethysts and garnets seemed more beautiful than the gems chosen by her husband; and as she sewed and pricked her fingers and occasionally cried out playfully or laughed like a gleeful child, she suddenly looked up to say:

"'Ah, beloved, while thou wert away, I did find some of these dark, blood-colored stones thou lovest—larger and finer than any yet.'

"'Rubies!' exclaimed Pedro, with glittering eyes. He had but few of these rare and valuable stones, and not one that was extraordinary. And had he not boasted to Raphael that he would bring home rubies as red as the blood-red mark upon his brow? A thrill shot through him at the recollection. He would yet see Raphael, who must be a fine boy by this time, and he would keep his promise, too. His breath came hard and fast as he repeated the word:

"'Rubies? Hast thou found rubies?'

"'Like these,' answered the Golden Flower, pointing to the gem Mendoza was at that instant sewing into the hem of their child's bodice.

"'Where?'

"'Far up—there, at the top of the mountain," and she pointed away toward a great, broken peak in the distance—the dead mouth of a burned-out volcano, as the Spaniard had long believed it. 'Something led me there when thou wentest away. It is high, and I could see afar off; and once, when I stumbled and nearly fell, I found at my feet two great stones, like these, but large like the egg of the sea-bird.'

"'O blessed Star-Flower! What a treasure thou art!'

"Anacaona became radiant with joy. Star-Flower had ever been Mendoza's most tender name for her, and used so rarely that it was more precious than any word of love that he could speak to her.

"'Where is it, my star? Didst thou say two of them—two, like the sea-bird's egg? Where are they, sweet treasure?'

"'On the mountain, dearest. I would not rob thee of the joy of finding them.'

"Pedro's countenance was so quickly overcast that the Golden Flower would have trembled to see it; but she had turned her gaze toward the mountain while she spoke. He had the strongest reasons not to anger her or in any way awaken her suspicions. So he cleared his brow; but when he spoke, his voice was tremulous with the vehemence he was obliged to subdue.

"'I would thou hadst brought them, my Golden Flower.'

"'They are safe,' she answered gravely. 'The mountain seemed to heave and shake, and loud bellowings and smoke came from its mouth. Perhaps I feared to take them. For hast thou not said all these stones come from it, and those big, red stones might have been its very heart.'

"Pedro could have cursed this new fancy of the poetic Indian woman, but he knew it was more than ever needful to conceal such feelings. He only said:

"'When wilt thou lead me there, sweetheart?'

"'On the night we leave this place,' was the laconic answer, followed by sullen silence that, to the traitorous Spaniard, seemed ominous.

"Anacaona had so thoroughly learned the Spanish language, and could so freely express her thoughts with all the fervor of a passionate and enthusiastic nature, that any lapse into the laconic style of her people alarmed him. Did she suspect him? Had that supernatural faculty of reading his thoughts and foreseeing his acts come upon her? Mendoza at once set himself to win her every thought from the future to the immediate present; and he succeeded so well that she felt him to be more her lover than he had ever been since that fatal day when he had shed the blood of her kinsman.

"Late on the following night, the two young Indians, accompanied by the Spanish sailors, stole away, under cover of the darkness, with Dolores. In parting from her child, Anacaona had found the need of all her fortitude combined with the stoicism of her Indian blood. The little creature clung about her mother as if aware, by some strong instinct, that she might not see her again; but she pushed her father roughly away. She had never loved Mendoza. Then, with sudden, touching resolution, she drew up her childish figure, turned her face to the sea and walked quickly away, followed by the companions of her flight.

"The anguish of this parting, temporary though she believed it, was heightened to the Indian mother by the thought of her own danger and Pedro's if her people should discover her contemplated desertion of them, and she spent the rest of the night in trying to invent an explanation for the absence of Dolores. But, before morning, something had happened to make her task easy, for the panic-stricken Indians could think of nothing else. The whole island was shaken from east to west; not violently, but with a gentle, undulatory motion, as if it rocked like a ship on the bosom of the sea. This was succeeded by a stillness in which the bending grass and the leaves on the trees listened, the very air was hushed, and while a long, deep sigh seemed to rise from the earth, a cloud of smoke burst from the mountain—a cloud that was like the breath of a furious, awaking giant. All day and all night the mountain smoked at intervals, and when it ceased to smoke the earth trembled. And again the day dawned. Now all was still again—too still, for the birds forgot to sing. But the smoke had ceased, and the air was clear, though a giant mist vailed the brightness of the sun.

"'Beloved,' whispered the Golden Flower to her master, 'we will go to-night.'

"The Indians had not discovered the absence of Dolores, nor would they yet for many hours, perhaps days. Terror, the most selfish of all emotions, combined with hunger and fatigue, absorbed all their thoughts, and would continue to do so—for never within the memory of the oldest living, or in tradition handed down from those who were dead, had the sleeping mountain been known to give any sign of waking. Therefore said Anacaona again, more earnestly:

"'Shall we not go to-night, beloved one?'

"'Not without the rubies,' said Pedro.

"A slight shock of earthquake was not going to frighten him; and as to dead volcanoes—pooh—pooh! They never came to life again.

"The Indian woman smiled, reassured, for should not her master know best, he who knew everything; but she reminded him that a better time could not be found for their flight.

"Already the people were getting ready for a feast of rejoicing and thanksgiving; and having been awake and fasting the greater part of two days and nights, they would soon be asleep after copious eating and the drinking of their favorite grape-juice cordial.

"Pedro admitted this was well thought of, and only stipulated that their way should lie across the mountains toward the volcano, where he could gather the rubies; and thence descend to the other side, skirting the foot-hills till they should strike the path that led to the sea. To all of this the Golden Flower agreed; and they had yet many hours of daylight when they left the cave at the foot of the mountain, Pedro laden with his bags of gold, a burden he would have felt more heavy but for the love he bore it. They turned at once toward the chain of hills that led toward the volcanic mountain, Pedro a little in advance, revolving plans for getting rid of his companion as soon as they should have descended on the further side of the mountains. They had made more than half the ascent when the Spaniard suddenly found that he was alone; and as he paused and looked back, he saw that the Golden Flower had fallen by the way, and now lay at a little distance stretched at full length on the stony ground. His first thought was to push on and desert her, certain that he could find the rubies without her assistance. For had she not described to him the very spot on which they lay, so plainly that he had seen nothing else as clearly ever since? But would it be safe to leave her?

"She might be feigning this accident, and they were not yet so far away but she could summon her subjects to her aid if once assured that he meant to deceive her. They were probably all asleep by this time, but in any case it was safer to return and see what had befallen her.

"Reluctantly, but with every appearance of affectionate solicitude, Mendoza retraced his steps, calling her softly with endearing words as he neared the prostrate figure. He found Anacaona lying full length on the ground, stiff and rigid, her features set, her upturned eyes wide open and unwinking, and from her lips came a voice that was *not* hers, muttering words that caused cold chills to shake him like an ague. She had been overtaken by the mysterious trance; and, although he feared to look on her, he was safe from her, at least for the present. But how long would it hold her? Dare he leave her so? Would it not be far safer to—

"His hand sought his dagger and drew it forth.

"'The dead alone never return.'

"That was the thought in his mind; that thought, in those same words, became the motto of Robespierre three centuries later; but that only proves how universal is the sentiment.

"No fiend of the French Revolution ever looked more devilish than Mendoza looked then, as he stood feeling the edge of his dagger, and looking down upon the rigid face of his Indian wife.

"'Pedro!' she said; but the voice was Juanita's, 'thou hast broken my heart! Thou hast killed me! Must she die, too?'

"With a scream of rage that was broken by superstitious fear, the man staggered back; but a mocking laugh seemed borne past him on the air. He raised the dagger and held it poised above the heart of the unconscious woman.

"'The dead return not; *only* the dead never return to plague us,' he muttered. 'Fiend! Demon! Possessed one! Die! Die!' And the dagger descended through the poor, loving, faithful heart, whose only sin had been to love this monster, who had to her appeared divine.

"Again and again, as if he thirsted to slay a hundred lives, the miscreant stabbed her, while the crimson current flowed out till it reached his feet. Assured then that she was dead past all doubt, he wiped the dagger on her mantle, returned it to his belt and sped onward up the mountain, nor paused for breath till he had reached the spot he sought.

"He did not find the rubies on the instant, but he knew that he should find them. The daylight was quite gone now, but at this altitude the air seemed to have a light of its own. It was a glorious tropical summer night, and perhaps on these mountain-tops it was never dark. Anyway, he knew he should find the rubies. He was down now on his hands and knees, feeling about for them, digging in the ground for them. Ah, yes, he would have them soon!

"What was that?

"Something shook him and flung him from the place just as his hand had touched them. He rose and, staggering wildly, wondered why he could not stand—why the whole place seemed shaking and trembling.

"With an oath, he rushed toward the spot where, as he knew, the rubies were waiting for him.

"Ah! What was that flaming, luminous cloud that rose in front of him, causing his blood to curdle and his teeth to chatter, while his eyes seemed set and starting from their sockets with nameless horror? The misty whiteness of that cloud took the form and outline of Anacaona's white-draped figure, while its flaming brightness gathered into one spot from which looked out the luminous brow and glowing eyes of his murdered wife. The shriek of a madman burst from Mendoza's lips; then, crying out: 'Ghost! Devil! Woman! I care not what thou art! Thou canst not frighten me! The dead do not return, and the rubies are mine!' he rushed forward and flung himself into the flaming cloud, that now rose higher, broader, hissing with fury and hurtling forth stones, fire, steam and ashes through the air. There was a deep, rumbling noise, a hideous roar as of a world crashing asunder; the mountain yawned wide in its terrible awakening, and down through its open jaws sank Pedro Mendoza, swallowed up in darkness black and horrible as his own miscreant heart!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 43.]

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND.[*]

A Historical Romance of the Creole Coast.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "Mordbank," "The Fighting at Point Rose," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Hoosier Mosaics," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII—*(Continued).*

THE JACKSONIAN TEMPER.

THE two men stood facing each other in silence for a moment.

"Sit down, sir," said Jackson, presently, pushing a chair toward his visitor.

The room was a large, plain one, and simply furnished in the main. The gaunt frame of the general, as roughly clad as if he had just arrived from the farm, bristled with angles, and a stubble of wiry beard stood out stiffly on his grim, sunburnt face.

"I prefer to fight as a private individual attached to any company that you may choose to assign me to," said Mr. Vernon, without appearing to notice the proffered seat. "I am not seeking an office, general."

"Of course, you are not. But the office seeks you, sir."

"No, there are officers, and to spare, as you said the other day; and, besides, I am not a military man."

"You are a leader of citizens, and that's better."

Jackson could not help admiring the old man, standing there like a Hercules, grown gray in doing miracles of prowess. What limbs he had, what shoulders, what a large head and what bulging muscles! Some rumor of his past life, a vague but fascinating story of wanderings on the seas and of stormy but successful experiences in the wars of many lands, had come to the general's ears from this or that accidental source. Very few imaginations are proof against such a film of romance hovering over an individual who emphasizes its allurement with a personal appearance altogether extraordinary.

"I am too old, general, to think of taking command of even a company," said Mr. Vernon, after a moment. He spoke with respectful thoughtfulness, but behind his words was a reserve of something like conscious superiority, or, at least, of absolute self-confidence. He folded his arms across his immense chest, his long rifle in the hollow of his left elbow, its butt on the floor between his feet. "No, I prefer to fight as an individual rifleman; and, although I am old, my eyes are still good—I shoot well."

"Now, what is the use, Mr. Vernon, of your speaking like this?" demanded Jackson, with a hint of his stormy impatience in his voice. It was not of his nature to brook resistance. "Are you not going ever to cease resenting my refusal to appoint Loring? I assure you, sir, that had he been a gentleman instead of a scoundrel, I still had no place for him."

"Ta! It is you who are fretted! Do you imagine that if I felt so greatly aggrieved I should be here now offering myself as a private soldier? If I desired office, General Jackson, do you feel that I could not have it without asking you?"

There was nothing beneath the most superb dignity in Mr. Vernon's way of saying this. It was propounded as a simple question without any ring of personal pique or of undue assumption, and yet there was a sudden cold, hard gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, well," said Jackson, rather haughtily and as if dismissing the matter once for all, "you must do as you please."

"I will do this:" Mr. Vernon responded, without taking any notice of the general's mood; "I will raise a company at my own expense and have it report to you, properly equipped and officered."

Before there could be any reply to his words, he saluted gravely and walked out of the room.

The entrance at this moment of Governor Claiborne, General Villeré and M. Tousard, the French consul, forced Jackson's attention into a new channel; but during the interview, which was important, his thought kept turning back to the singular conference with Mr. Vernon. And yet what had there really been in it that should impress him? Certainly, the mere

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fact that a citizen of New Orleans had offered himself as a soldier was nothing peculiar or impressive; men were doing this every day. Moreover, what Mr. Vernon had said was simple enough. Jackson found that it was the man’s personality, the extraordinary presence, the suggestion of almost immeasurable experience and of incomparable dignity, reserve, self-repression that lingered in his brain and appealed to him in some obscure but wonderfully potent way. It is credible that Jackson, who was a man of penetrating insight, felt that Mr. Vernon was a type embodying the strange spirit of this romantic creole civilization—that in his stalwart, massive frame there dwelt the composite soul of all this wild, free, untamable swarm in whose midst the general now found himself, with no efficient means of reaching their natures and warming their sympathies.

“What did Vernon want?” Claiborne ventured, in his smooth way, to inquire, after the immediate business of the interview was over.

“He offered his services,” said Jackson, evasively.

“He did? That is fortunate just at this juncture. Do you know, general, that he is the most important man in Louisiana?”

“I have been told that he has influence.”

“It is unbounded,” said the French consul.

“Yes,” added General Villeré, with quick interest, lighting a cigar meantime, “we can count upon everything if his hearty support can be secured at once.”

“I asked him to raise and lead a company,” said General Jackson.

“Why, general,” said Villeré, “I must say that you have blundered—unwittingly, of course. Raise and lead a company! You should have taken him close to you at once and made him a confidential adviser.”

“It was he who came with Faval, some time ago, and asked me to take that devil, Colonel Loring, on my staff,” Jackson replied dryly and with a savage shrug of his shoulders.

“He asked that? He favored Loring!” exclaimed Villeré, in an astonished tone. “Incredible!”

In his excitement he spoke in French, and Jackson did not understand his words; but his gestures and expression told as much as his language.

“Oh, it was Faval’s work, perhaps,” said Claiborne. “You know that Vernon and Faval have always been great friends.”

“Vernon proposes to raise and equip a company of riflemen at his own expense,” remarked Jackson, “but he flatly refuses to command it.”

“Of course, he would refuse that, general,” said the governor. “You should not expect a man of his stamp to come to that. I see that you have not understood him. Plainly, you do not recognize his importance.”

“Important or not important,” exclaimed Jackson, permitting his natural irascibility to appear, “I do not need his advice or, for that matter, yours either!”

Claiborne, who was no mean diplomat, held his temper and smiled blandly. He had the utmost confidence in Jackson, and was determined not to have a rupture with him; but he feared Mr. Vernon’s influence, and knew that it was necessary to prevent, if possible, any further disagreement between him and the commanding general. Negotiations were in progress between the governor and Lafitte, by which the former hoped to bring a large number of the outlaws of Barataria and other resorts to the aid of the government. Jackson was favoring this scheme, knowing that freebooters were capable of doing most effective service as soldiers. He now asked for a private interview with the general, and when they had passed into an adjoining room, he said:

“I understand your feelings, general, and am far from wishing to aggravate them; but let me say to you in deepest confidence that Mr. Vernon is just now an indispensable person to us. He alone can control the mass of the creoles and especially the lawless class. I tell you that we cannot do without him.”

Claiborne spoke more from conjecture than from any definite knowledge. He did know, however, that Mr. Vernon’s influence was as powerful as it was mysterious; that his wealth, though great, and his liberality, though democratic, could not wholly account for the hold he certainly had upon the dangerous class of persons who constituted in reality the larger number of the effective fighting men of the State.

Jackson walked the floor. He had been terribly worried with reports of plots and combinations against him in the city. The legislature had not done as he wished, the courts were disposed to assert the superiority of the law, and certain of his injudicious friends had magnified to him the evidences of sedition among the creole population. Added to all this, reinforcements were slow in arriving, and such as had come were miserably deficient in equipment, without food and very inadequately clad against the unusual cold of the season.

He felt that patriotism as well as self-interest demanded of the people of New Orleans and of Louisiana the most enthusiastic and heroic self-devotion in behalf of his purposes. Knowing his own courage and genius and seeing with the absolute vision of the born general the supreme need of the hour, he could have no patience with anything or anybody that did not fall at once into line and obey his every command, execute his every suggestion and show the most active faith in his superiority.

“I despise and detest the whole crew of Frenchmen,” he presently blurted out, “and I ’ll blow them to everlasting scraps, before long, if they persist in their disloyalty to the country. Claiborne, you go at once and tell that legislature to adjourn—tell them that I say so.”

The governor stood for a moment confounded; but it did not take long for him to see that General Jackson meant to be obeyed.

“I have already suggested an adjournment,” he replied, “but of course there is some opposition.”

“From the infernal creoles? But I will not permit opposition from anybody, do you hear? This thing is coming to a point right shortly. I am in command here and, by the Eternal, I am going to be master! You go at once, governor, and tell that legislature to shut up shop, and if it doesn’t do it I ’ll pitch it bodily into the river. They haven’t got a Wilkinson to trifle with now.”

Along with General Jackson’s assumption of superiority there went an immense capacity for being just what he assumed to be. He overawed Claiborne from the moment of his arrival in New Orleans, and, to all intents and purposes, took charge of the State government.

It will never be known just how far actual treason went in plotting the betrayal of Jackson and the delivery of the city to the British commander; but the movement was more than an incipient impulse. There were many men in New Orleans who dreaded to have the power of the United States government well fixed in Louisiana. Wilkinson had more than winked at a free and easy understanding with the *forbans*, robbers, negro-stealers and smugglers, and there can be little doubt that Claiborne, although he would have preferred law and order, was the sort of politician to turn his back and not see the worst that his supporters did. He knew Mr. Vernon’s power, had more than once felt it in his favor when it was political salvation to have it on his side.

He knew but little of Colonel Loring; but since the incident of the nose-pulling he had heard a great deal about him. Rumor was having it everywhere that Loring and Pierre Rameau were one and the same man, and that now the far-reaching organization of which this redoubtable outlaw was king would be turned against Jackson.

Claiborne had already gone too far in his support of General Jackson to take any backward step, even if he had desired to do it, and it was absolutely necessary now that he should use the finest diplomacy, in order to avoid falling between two stools.

“I will go at once, general, and have a conference with Louallier and Roffignac,” said he, in a tone of ready compliance, “and, if possible, I will have the adjournment declared.”

“Governor, there can be no ifs or ands about it; the adjournment must come at once!” exclaimed Jackson, with overbearing sternness. “They will adjourn, or I will adjourn them!”

Claiborne’s face paled with sudden anger, but he made no response; simply bowed and retired. As he went out he met Lieutenant Ballanche coming in. The young man looked fatigued and somewhat in a hurry, as if he had come from a distance in great haste and was bearing important news; he greeted Claiborne deferentially as he passed, but did not stop. The sandy mud showing in splashes all over him told of a long, hard ride.

The governor would have given a good deal to know what message Ballanche was bearing, and under any other circumstances he would have turned back into the room. He could not trust himself to do this now; he was too much wrought upon by Jackson’s tyranny. There was something in the young officer’s look and manner, however, that told a stirring story.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SEEKING REFUGE.

The journey to the plantation was a comparatively short one, and the three women at first found it not so tiresome and uninteresting as they had feared, although it was depressing to a degree.

They set out early in the morning through a country somewhat gloomy, and in places covered with water. The rain fell at intervals, but the sun flashed warmly out between the showers, as the winter sun does in that fickle, April-like climate, giving them now and then a golden gleam while they were trundled slowly along under the moss-hung trees. The spacious carriage with its easy springs and luxurious cushions afforded ample room for its fair occupants to rest at ease.

Mademoiselle de Sezannes, who had never been much in the country and whose volatile spirits were easily set to effervescing, found a good deal to interest her on the way; but Mrs. Vernon and Pauline could not pull their minds away from the fact that they were once more leaving Chateau d’ Or for an indefinite sojourn in a lonely plantation house. Their former experience of country life in a remote place, as they now involuntarily recalled it, did not present to their minds its more pleasing associations, but turned persistently to view those closing incidents which were coupled with the coming of Burns and the robbing of Vasseur. To be sure, Pauline remembered, with a girl’s vivid faithfulness, every look, every word, every movement of Fairfax during those dawn-hours of her love; but the darker things would insist on taking precedence, and her mind dwelt upon all that she had heard of Pierre Rameau and his crimes. She and her mother had both strenuously objected to leaving the city, and having set out under protest, they, woman-like, made the whole journey in a state of mind averse to any sentiments of wayfaring appreciation.

The venerable coachman, muffled in his broad-caped greatcoat, hummed many a negro melody in a soft falsetto voice, and between snatches grumbled at the horses because they did not keep well in the rather vague roadway.

“It seems too bad,” said Mademoiselle de Sezannes, after she had somewhat exhausted herself in making inquiries touching the natural objects new to her eyes as they passed them by in the strange old forest—“it seems too bad that this dreadful war should break up all our delightful winter enjoyments and send us away into exile to dream of slaughter and all manner of dreadful evils. Is n’t it so, Pauline?”

“Do not speak of it! It rends my heart!” spoke up Mrs. Vernon. “I shall not see a moment’s peace, asleep or awake, till it is all over.”

“And how are we to be any safer away out here in the woods, I should like to know?” demanded Pauline, with more genuine petulance than her mother had ever before known her to indulge. “I know that I should feel better at home in the city.”

“But if I were a man,” exclaimed Mademoiselle de Sezannes, shrugging her fine shoulders and emphasizing her words with quick French gestures, “I would stay at home with my family and protect it, instead of—”

“Oh, no,” Mrs. Vernon interrupted. “How could you protect them single-handed? The men are behaving heroically, dear.”

“And what of us? What shall we do when they have been killed? I think it more heroic to stay with those you love and lead them out of danger and keep yourself alive for them than to fight all the battles in the world and die.”

“If the men felt in that way, dear, the English would burn New Orleans before the week’s end. It would be unmitigated cowardice. Don’t you know it would, dear?”

“I don’t care! I don’t care! So there!” exclaimed the excitable girl, beginning to cry. “I want to go back home. Tell the coachman to turn around. I can’t go on! I can’t! I can’t!”

Pauline joined her friend in shedding tears freely. She, too, felt a sudden, uncontrollable desire to fly back to the city. The two clasped each other and nestled their young heads together, sobbing hysterically, while the carriage rolled softly along over the slushy sand or bumped against the palmetto roots.

Mrs. Vernon understood the unexpressed thoughts of the girls, and felt that fine sympathy which makes the true mother so clear and tender a critic of her daughter’s love. She beat back, though she could not forget, her own distress in her desire to console and inspirit those budding hearts upon which the first rude wind of trouble was blowing.

It was while she was using her best endeavors to distract their attention from the subject of the war that the carriage suddenly stopped, and she heard some one speaking to the coachman in a sharp, nasal voice.

“Kem all the way f’om town, hev’ ye?” the man was saying. “An’ w’at air folks a-doin’ up thar’?”

“I cayn’ say, seh,” answered the coachman, whose English was of the thin, mincing creole kind. “I cayn’ say vat zey do.”

“An’ who ye got inter the car’ge thar’?”

“I hev’ ze madame an’ ze ma’m’zelles, seh.”

“Oh, weeming, air they? An’ whar’ air ye a-takin’ ’em to?”

“To ze plantaseeon, seh.”

“What pertic’ler plantation air ye a-takin’ ’em to?”

“It ees Mess’u Vernon’s, seh.”

“Humph! Let me take er squint inter thet air vehicle.”

Mrs. Vernon recoiled from the wizened, wrinkled old face that was just then thrust close to the carriage window. Mademoiselle de Sezannes screamed shrilly.

“Beg parding, weeming, beg yer marciful parding!” exclaimed the queer-looking old fellow, touching his ’coon-skin cap. “Don’t ye be uneasy or afeard; Enos Peevy ain’t agoin’ to do ye no harm.”

He shifted the long, heavy rifle by a quick, deft movement, so as to let it rest more easily in the hollow of his bony shoulder, at the same time a huge quid of tobacco was rolled from one side of his mouth to the other.

“Oh, no, no, weeming folks, I air your friend; don’t ye git sceert. Hit air my jooty, ye know, bein’ a scout fer Giner’l Jackson, ter kinder squint inter car’ges an’ things ter see w’at ’s in ’em; but I don’t hurt nobody ner nothin’.”

He looked very kindly into the faces of the ladies and chewed his tobacco with great complacency.

Mademoiselle de Sezannes began to speak volubly to him in French; but he only grinned and scratched his head.

“’T ain’t no use a-flingin’ thet air sort er stuff at me, young ’oman. Up in Tennessee we jes’ talks thet same ole lang’age w’at we allus did.”

“You say you are scouting for Jackson?” suavely inquired Mrs. Vernon, merely to collect herself.

“Yas, mum; the gin’ral an’ me runs together. Whatsomever ye fin’ him ye ’ll stagger onter me pooty clost ’roun’ thar’. He calls me Ole Eyes; but my name air nothin’ but Enos Peevy.”

“Thank you, sir. Good morning. Drive on, Catulle.” Mrs. Vernon smiled and bowed to the man as graciously as if he had been a courtier.

The coachman, obedient to the order of his mistress, started the horses on at a brisk gait.

“What a queer person!” exclaimed Mademoiselle de Sezannes, when they were well away from the spot. “Tennessee must be a strange country if it is inhabited by that sort of people.”

“But he had a kind face and an engaging way, despite his odd dress and comical dialect,” said Mrs. Vernon, “and I should be ready to trust him at a time of danger.”

“Oh, but he ’s so hideously ugly.”

“No, not ugly, dear; only outlandish-looking. I noted his features carefully and found them of almost Grecian regularity. Old age and exposure have wrinkled and bronzed him; but he has clear, honest eyes and a good face, on the whole.”

Mrs. Vernon urged the discussion in order to draw the minds of the girls away from the recent channel of thought. Pauline was inclined to side with Mademoiselle de Sezannes and say that the scout did not strike her as a person to be implicitly believed in. He must have had some ulterior design in stopping the carriage. It was very easy for a man to call himself a scout; he might be a robber or even an English spy. Certainly he had found out by most adroit work who they were, where they were going and what they had in their carriage. Perhaps he would come that very night and rob them of their money and jewels.

“Oh, I know that ’s just what he will do!” cried Mademoiselle de Sezannes, relapsing again into hysterical weeping and beginning to wring her hands. “Oh, please, Madam Vernon, tell the coachman to take us back! We shall all be murdered this very night!”

The suggestion was infectious. Pauline caught the chill of fear, and Mrs. Vernon lost control of herself at an unguarded moment.

The carriage rumbled on through the forest, and, if there had been any person to hear, the voices of the women crying in discord must have sounded strange indeed under the circumstances.

The coachman must also have been affected, for he urged his horses impatiently and kept increasing their speed until they were making a rather reckless dash of it along the road within view of a broad grassy marsh stretching away to a shining sheet of water.

Mrs. Vernon drew all the curtains close over the windows, as soon as she could command herself, and began to chide Mademoiselle de Sezannes and Pauline for their foolish excitement.

Just then there was the sound of a horse galloping by in an opposite course to that of the carriage. Pauline looked out of the little rear window, her eyes still streaming tears.

"Why, it is Lieutenant Ballanche!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't he stop and speak to us?"

Mademoiselle de Sezannes almost thrust her from the pane in her eagerness to look out.

"It is! It is!" she quavered. "Call to him! Stop him! Oh—"

She clasped her hands and gazed while the vigorous bounds of the horse bore the young officer farther and farther back along the meandering road between the trees, and presently lost him behind a fringe of bay bushes in the distance.

"Oh, he never looked back or made even a sign; and he must have known us!" cried Mademoiselle de Sezannes.

In a few minutes the carriage was drawn up in front of the plantation house, which was a one-story, wooden structure set upon a high foundation of oak posts connected by a lattice-work of slender boards. An orange grove, dark and rich, stood in the background, and over a squat, broad veranda grew a closely matted jasmine vine. In the distance were rows of negro cabins built under the shade of immense moss-draped live-oaks.

The coachman dismounted and opened the carriage-door for the ladies, and little Lizette, Lapin's daughter, ran out of the house to greet them. A sharp, salt breath from the marshes not far off was blowing merrily.

Mrs. Vernon descended first, followed by Mademoiselle de Sezannes, and then Pauline precipitated herself upon Lizette, whose dark, pretty face was all dimples and smiles.

The sun came out, too, as if to clear away with a flood of golden light all the gloom that had attended the little journey.

"Well, weeming folks, I air mighty much erbleeged ter ye for this yar ride w'at ye let me hev'," remarked the well-remembered voice of Enos Peevy, the scout. The old fellow had found a seat between the curved suspension springs behind the carriage, where he had ridden unobserved, and now he stepped forth, gun in hand, evidently well satisfied with himself and every person present.

"Ef ye 'd er knowed 'at I 's thar', I s'pec' ye 'd 'a' cried more 'n ye did. He-he-he! Ha-ha-ha! But ye didn't know it, did ye?" He chuckled and grimaced comically. "Well, weeming folks," he added presently, shouldering his long rifle and adjusting his otter-skin bullet-pouch and his transparent powder-horn. "I mus' be agoin'. Ef ever I kin do ye a sarvice I 'll do it. Good-bye, weeming folks."

He turned about and walked away, as straight as an arrow and as brisk as a boy; but before he had gone far he looked back, stopped, appeared to reflect a moment and then called back to them:

"Say, weeming folks, I 'll tell ye what: Ef I see any sign o' Britishers eroun' yar, w'y, I 'll jes' step in an' tell ye, so 's ye kin git up an' skin out afore they cotch ye."

There was something honest and earnest in the ring of his voice, and the gleam from his steel-blue eyes, if not warm, was steadfast and friendly. When he was gone, Mrs. Vernon remembered this and wondered why she had not thanked him for his proffered kindness; but the mention of British soldiers, coupled with the suggested probability that they might visit the place, so alarmed her that she could not think of anything else for the moment that he was speaking.

They found the house most comfortably prepared for them, and when Lapin arrived later in the day, with such of the servants from Chateau d' Or as Mr. Vernon had thought best to send, there came such a sense of homelike security that they could not help looking at one another complacently in silent acknowledgment of what, it now seemed, had been a mood of undue nervousness.

Lizette had brought in from the flower-garden great bouquets of roses and violets (for, despite the unusual cold weather, the vines and tangled beds were still a mass of bloom), and with these she had deftly decorated the airy and fresh-smelling rooms. Moreover, a delicate luncheon was awaiting them, set in a cozy alcove where low, broad windows let in a soft light which was first filtered through a screen of magnolia-boughs and a gray fringe of Spanish moss.

Under the circumstances, it was quite impossible for three women, all of them French, to be otherwise than enthusiastic, even if their enthusiasm did consciously root itself back in a heavy sense of but half-suppressed dread.

Mademoiselle de Sezannes was, perhaps, the most cheerful one. She even tried to be gay over the conduct of Lieutenant Ballanche, whom she persisted in accusing of willfully passing her by unnoticed.

It is due to the young man to say, however, that he was scarcely aware of the carriage as he rode past it. His head was down, and his thoughts were fixed on a most important duty; for he was flying to General Jackson with news from within the enemy's lines. A fleet of barges, heavily manned with finely equipped soldiers, was on Bayou Bienvenu, and in a few hours the English would have an army safely landed below the city. The information this time was authentic, for with his own eyes he had seen what he was to report.

Naturally earnest and intense in his disposition, he felt to the fullest measure the responsibility resting upon him. He would not trust any courier to bear the message which might hold the fate of New Orleans and the country. So he rode all the way as fast as he dared urge his horse, and on his nerves lay the strain of an all-absorbing excitement. The carriage whisked past him as a mere formless, colorless incident of his flight to headquarters. He remembered afterward well enough when he would have given his life to know that he had halted just long enough to bid the coachman turn back and drive at once to New Orleans. Everything and every person visible about the carriage came out strong and clear, like a suddenly developed photograph, in his mind. The horses, the round-faced, snowy-wooled coachman, the closely drawn curtains, the wheels flecked with sandy mud—even the old man riding on the projection between the high-curved springs—he could see all so plainly and yet through what a film of horrible mystery! And in that closed vehicle, though unseen by him, the girl he loved, the girl who had so lately promised to be his wife was going on all unhindered to disappear as completely and mysteriously as if caught up by the spirits of the air.

Mrs. Vernon and the young ladies passed the rest of the day in comparative comfort of mind. Lapin was there with a score or more of strong colored men to protect them; everything looked peaceful and sweet. Why should they be afraid? They would not be afraid, they declared. that they would not; they would be brave women worthy of strong-hearted, patriotic men. They vowed it in their inmost hearts.

So long as day-light lasted, they held well to their determination and kept up a fine show of it; but even when dinner came, served so faultlessly by Lizette, their hearts began to sink a little, and they felt the chill creeping over them again.

Mrs. Vernon struggled vigorously against what she knew was the worst thing for them, but what could she do when a dense fog blew in from Borgne and the night became an encircling wall of blackness, through which the low moaning of some tall pine-trees crept with infinite sadness?

She looked for a book to read aloud and chanced upon an old edition of "*La Princesse de Cleves*," by Madame LaFayette. The girls huddled close to her, and she tried to make them interested in the story, taking care not to go too far into its sentimentalities. Her voice, however, sounded unnatural, she thought, and the volume was soon thrown aside.

"I can never, never go to sleep to-night!" cried Mademoiselle de Sezannes. "Oh, why did I ever come here!"

Lapin was in the kitchen; they heard him singing a *patois* ditty between his pipes. Lizette had gone to bed.

"We shall be ashamed of ourselves in the morning," said Mrs. Vernon. "The sun will come up, and everything will be so bright and cheerful that it will seem like sinful folly to have been afraid."

"And think what they—what the men who are in the camps to-night may soon have to meet!" Pauline found courage to say. "It is they who have the right to be wretched; and yet I dare say they never think of complaining."

"I know I am heartless and selfish," Mademoiselle de Sezannes half sobbed, "but I can't help it—it 's dreadful? Why did they send us away off out here alone in the dark? And then to think that he would ride right past like that!"

Mrs. Vernon smiled wretchedly.

"How could he know, dear, that you were in the carriage? All of the curtains were closely drawn, you remember, and he could not have seen any of us."

"He might have stopped us—he didn't look—he—"

Just then there arose a trampling sound, as of men crossing the veranda. Some one knocked on the door, and they heard voices.

Mrs. Vernon sprang to her feet, the girls clinging tightly and breathlessly to her.

Lapin came in from the kitchen when he heard the knocking and stood irresolute. He still held his pipe in one hand, while with the other he was aimlessly fumbling in the pocket of his jacket.

"Go to see who it is," Mrs. Vernon managed to say.

Lapin went gingerly to the door and called out in a weak voice:

"Who 's there?"

"A friend," was the prompt answer.

Pauline and her mother started and looked at each other.

It was the voice of Colonel Loring.

"Open the door immediately!" he commanded gruffly. "There 's no time for ceremony!"

Lapin, in a very ague of fear, fumbled at the bars and bolts. His hands shook so that he made slow work of it, and when at last he quakingly pulled open the heavy wooden shutter, he fell back aghast before the tall form of the incomer and gasped hoarsely:

"Pierre Rameau!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 43.]

NEVA'S THREE LOVERS.*

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Her Double Life," "Beryl's Husband," "Edith Trevor's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEVA STILL DEFIANT.

THE sounds of active and hostile pursuit, growing every instant louder as the pursuers neared Neva's temporary halting-place, startled the young fugitive into renewed flight. She started up like a wearied bird from its nest, and fled onward through tangled shrubbery and over outcropping boulders, tripping now and then over some loose rock, which, at the touch of her light feet, went rumbling down the steep mountain-side with a crash that rang in her ears, frightening her to yet greater speed. She sped through thickets of the dwarfed mountain pines and firs, and over open and sterile patches of ground, where there were no trees nor friendly rocks to screen her flying figure, and the drizzling Scotch mist fell around her like a dusky vail, and the skies were gloomy above her, and the air was keen with wintry chill.

And still was borne to her ears, sometimes louder, sometimes fainter, the sounds of the barking of dogs and the shouts of men. These sounds quickened Neva's flagging steps, but she could not outrun her pursuers. They were on her track, and sooner or later, unless she could outwit them, or hide from them, they must recapture her.

Her wild eyes searched the mountain-side as she hurried on. There was no hole in the rocks into which she might creep and lie concealed until her enemies should have passed. The trees were too low and scraggy to offer her shelter among their few and scantily foliaged branches. Her way was difficult and tortuous, and with a sudden change of purpose, Neva turned aside from her course of skirting the mountain, and plunged downward toward the mountain's base.

"I shall come down upon the side nearly opposite the loch," she thought. "At any rate, I have passed beyond the plateau."

In the course of ten minutes more, she struck into a rude wagon track, which Neva conjectured led from the Wilderness to some farm-house or hamlet upon the opposite side of the mountain. She followed the circuitous, steep and slowly descending track, looking, as she ran, like some wild spirit of the mist.

The sounds of pursuit faded out of hearing, and again she sat down to rest, her limbs giving way beneath her. Her tongue was parched and swollen, and the blood surged through her frame still with that one gigantic throbbing, and her feet ached with an utter weariness, yet she got up presently and staggered on, with fearing backward glances over her shoulders, and her eyes staring wildly from out the wet whiteness of her young face.

"I can't keep on much longer," she murmured aloud. "I feel very strange and ill. Perhaps I shall die here, and alone. Oh, is there no help for me?"

No answer came to that piteous cry save the wailing of the winds among the pine boughs and the dashing of the sleet-like rain in her face. She moved more and more slowly. Her garments seemed strangely heavy to her, and her feet grew more and more like leaden clogs weighting her down to the earth.

A terrible despair seized upon her. With a wild prayer on her lips and a faintness like that of death upon her, she leaned against a low tree, clinging to it to prevent herself from falling. As her head sank forward wearily upon her breast, her closing eyes caught a glimpse through the trees of an object at a little distance that lent to her for the moment an unreal strength and vigor, and she gave a great cry of joy, as hope surged back into her young fainting heart.

The object was only a small cabin built of cobble-stones, a mere shepherd's hut perhaps, or, as was far more likely, it had been built long ago for the occasional use of belated sportsmen who, during a stay at the Wilderness, found themselves lost up on the mountain. It had a strong roof and a capacious chimney, but it exhibited no sign of habitation. Neva did not observe this fact and pressed onward to the door of the cabin, which she opened without preliminary knocking. There was no one in the cabin.

Neva's heart sank as she made this discovery. There was no one here to whom she could appeal for protection. She hesitated whether to go on or to remain here, but her physical exhaustion decided the question. It was absolutely necessary that she should rest, and she entered the humble dwelling and closed the door.

The cabin contained but a single room with two closets attached and but a single window. This was provided with an inside shutter. There were also a stout wooden bar and iron rests for its support, as a means of securing the door. Neva barred the door and shuttered the window, and then sank down in a confused heap upon the floor, listening with sharpened hearing for some sound of pursuit.

But she heard none. Evidently her divergence from her first course had thrown her enemies off her track. A wild joy and gratitude filled her soul. But when its first flush was over, a chill like that of death again seized upon her. Her teeth chattered, and strange rheumatic pains shot through her frame. She shook, too, as with an ague.

The room was bare of furniture, but the great blackened hearth, with a few half-burnt sticks upon it, testified that some person had lately spent the night in the cabin. The door of one of the closets was open, and Neva could see that there were fagots of wood stored within. She arose feebly, and brought out an armful of wood, piling it on the hearth. She stirred the ashes, in the hope of finding a living coal; and finding none, went back to the closet. Here, to her great joy, she found a tin box half filled with matches hanging against the wall.

In three minutes more she had a glorious fire on the hearth, crackling and blazing and flaming cheerily, and the girl's heart leaped up at the sight of those dancing flames. She sank down upon the hearth, her hands held out to the genial blaze, her pale wild face looking strangely weird and lovely in the red glow, and the steam arising from her wet garments like a thick mist.

A delicious sense of rest pervaded her frame, and the rheumatic pains disappeared before the penetrating heat of the great fire. But a terrible sense of weakness remained. Her prison fare of bread and water and her lack of exercise during her dreary days of confinement at the Wilderness had told seriously upon her strength. She began to fear that she could go no further, and a great hunger began to assail her, seeming like a vulture tearing at her vitals.

Impelled by a vague hope that there might be food in the dwelling, she went to

Continued on page 9.

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THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

There is urgent need of the most careful and painstaking study of the dwelling-house problem. And to have such study effective, the student should be the householder, or more correctly speaking, the mistress of the dwelling. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the woman who day after day and for years comes and goes and puts in order and watches the house should be able to judge of its arrangement and to have something to say about its construction.

But the study of architecture and the arrangment of dwellings is comparatively a new field for women. As they grow more familiar with the details of this class of work, it is almost certain that we will have better-arranged and more convenient houses.

Indeed every owner of real estate who hopes some time to build a house should make this subject a study. Failing to do this, he is at the mercy of architects, builders and contractors and will in the long run pay not only more than the usual prices for labor and materials but enormous bills for the information given by all of the artisans he employs. He is in the same fix as the man who protested against paying the surgeon's bill of five hundred dollars for attendance lasting a couple of hours.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars an hour is pretty good pay, isn't it?" he asked.

"You have paid me five hundred dollars for thirty-five years' hard work and study," was the doctor's reply.

And the householder pays for his new dwelling on somewhat the same general principle, except that he pays for the schooling of architect, mason, carpenter, plumber, gas-fitter, stoveman, bell-hanger and possibly half a score more of more or less skilled mechanics and laborers, and, maybe, after all, has but a disjointed, ill-arranged, comfortless and inconvenient house to show for it. None of these men are satisfied with moderate charges once they become convinced that they are dealing with some one who knows nothing about the materials to be used. And so it is with almost all kinds of work. Ignorance of what is required is almost invariably taken advantage of, and the insistence of the artisan goes a great ways with the man who is not sure of his ground. He has neither data nor experience to combat the workman's statements and is, therefore, always at a disadvantage.

There are many objections to taking for granted the statements of many of these people. They cannot know as well what is required as do the people who are to occupy the house. If all demands were the same, all residences might be built on the same general plan. This would save no end of trouble and simplify building as well as decrease the cost. As all articles furnished in duplicate are much lower in price as the quantity demanded increases, it is a natural consequence that the householder would be the gainer.

But rarity is had at a high cost, and while most consumers are willing to pay fairly good prices for good articles, they object to extortion. The only remedy for this seems to be a little more information and study on the part of those who pay the bills. It would require but little study to so familiarize the mind with the leading facts in regard to building materials and the processes involved in their use that the householder, even though he did not superintend the construction of his dwelling, could so keep track of its progress that he need not be imposed upon by inferior stuffs or overcharges.

◆

HE DIED OF SELF-CONTROL.

Too much self-control is as bad as too little. If a man must perish, had he not better perish of enthusiasm than sluggish stolidity? We are apt to exalt our favorite virtues until they topple over into vices. A most distinguished judge of this country tells of two brothers he knew in the old Keystone State, George and Charles. George was an abiding "facing both ways," dubitative, phlegmatic, to a fault; so afraid he would do the wrong thing that he never did anything. He was always ready but never lanched out.

Charles, on the contrary, enthused with energy, was into everything, city affairs, town topics and religious movements.

After awhile George died, and some asked a witty one of what the phlegmatic person died.

"Well," answered the man, "between you and me, he died of self-control."

Our personality must be disseminated, must shed abroad its fiery life, to meet the emergencies of the age and retain its own virility both.

Mistakes all men make, and the only difference is that wise men learn by their errors to do better and fools do not. The man who *never* says anything for fear he should commit himself, nor attempts *any* effort for the reason that he may fail, shirks his allotted part in the life-struggle and fails in the hour of supremest need. The great Napoleon's tactical system was condemned by every learned strategist of Europe and denounced by those senile generals who would rather have lost a battle on the old-established lines than have won it by any innovations. One of America's most brilliant orators was roundly reprimanded by his tutor in college days and told that his style of speaking would ruin his prospects for useful service. But, in spite of this objurgation, the silvery eloquence of the man dazzles while it charms.

If all the poets, sages, philosophers and statesmen who have been solemnly warned "to die of self-control" had done so, how infinitely poorer would earth have been to-day! Some one asked Demosthenes for the first rule of oratory. "Action," was the reply. "What is the second?" "Action." "The third?" "Action." The great Greek's belief applies to life as well as rhetoric. *Action*, here, now, in the living present, doing as the knights of old, pray for right guidance, and then—have at them; and foul fall he who blenches first at stress of difficulty or danger!

We are persuaded that such is the key unlocking many problems. No smugly written book of unproven maxims made by wise men for fools to quote, but a wealth of experience born of contact with reality is the criterion of prosperity. Ask any leading merchant, divine or doctor you know if this is not correct.

◆

"ONLY COMMON FOLK!"

External appearances are no basis for sure judgment. Many a noble heart is covered by humble habiliments, and often is it that the latest fashion is only a showy exterior for villains of the deepest dye. Some one once remarked in Lincoln's hearing that, "considering he is the great President, he is quite a common-looking man." We are almost glad the speech was made, in spite of its rudeness, for Lincoln's happy reply is a rich memento: "*Friend,*" said he gently, "*the Lord loves common people best. That's why He made so many of them.*"

Some who deem themselves very rare specimens are all too free with this, to them, derogatory criticism. Common folk! Why, that is what most of us are. Few lips have kissed the altar of eloquence, and only solitary minds like Webster's and Gladstone's are really great, in all that word should mean. Common folk build our houses, cook our food, comfort us in sorrow, shield us from adversity, and love us with unquenchable affection. Such are they, as commonplace as the sunlight we bask in or the air we breathe. But, take them away—folk, sun and air—what is left? Really, good critic of the common folk, you slight nearly one hundred per cent. of the race.

Recent events have shown the dignity and heroism of men whose names were never heard of until the circumstances referred to called them into the light of public fame. But for the fire at New York's Metropolitan Opera House, Frank Reilly may never have been chronicled in the press and revered by our hearts. A simple fireman, he died in upholding the honor of that gallant brigade which has never faltered in duty or paused before peril.

Kellar Anderson, the guardian of his country's honor amid lawlessness, was prepared to die, although a commonplace soldier, as the heroes of all ages have ever died.

Two simple cases taken from the rush of daily life, and yet with enough of truest manliness therein contained to supply a second Homer with his themes. The heroical is rather fond of earth and now, and does not always dwell in poets' rhapsodies or the legends of the past. That patient woman toiling at the heap of mending, striving "to mak' auld claes as guide as new"—a frequent sight—but tell us of aught more lofty and godlike than her love and service! The fact is, if we saw miracles or angels every morning before breakfast, they would become common as the hot rolls and coffee. But frequent observation of the good and the beautiful should never breed contempt for them.

◆

TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY?

Of all the mistakes that were ever made since that first and most disastrous blunder in the Garden of Eden, there has never been anything more fraught with mischief and unhappiness to the human family than a marriage entered into simply because somebody desired it. To marry for such reason alone is a sort of moral suicide, and those who are guilty of such folly sometimes live to repent it most bitterly and oftentimes die by their own hands because they know of no other way in which to right the wrong they have unwittingly done.

It may be questioned whether it is not much more injudicious to urge marriages than to prevent them. In the one case, the wretchedness may be slower in coming, but it is none the less sure and far-reaching in its evil effects. It takes a vast deal of grace for people to live together in harmony the year in and the year out, and there must be some natural attraction or something more than somebody's whim or convenience to keep things even and preserve that unity and sympathetic consideration that are absolutely necessary to make home-life worth the living. Therefore, whatever else you do, never urge a marriage. Marriage is one of the things that must be desired, and that ardently, by the contracting parties. No one has a right to interfere, and to do so is to multiply sorrows for those whose affairs are meddled with in this way.

UNRELIABILITY OF TESTIMONY.

BY N. S. STOWELL.

Try it yourself, and note results. It is one thing to declare that we know certain things, but quite another to be absolutely sure that we know them. It has been said that persons who witness some particular occurrence are not always to be trusted in their statements of what transpired at the moment.

Not long since, a number of persons was discussing the testimony of witnesses in a most sensational murder trial. A half-dozen of intelligent persons testified that no one entered a certain door during a given interval of time. As the prosecution relied mainly on this fact to establish its case and to convict the prisoner on circumstantial evidence, the testimony attracted a good deal of attention. The question arose whether or not it is possible for a conscientious person to be entirely deceived by the imagination, and by this means give testimony which is absolutely false or misleading. This discussion took place on the front porch of a summer residence. The house stood in a fashionable quarter, and across the way was a number of dwellings of moderate size and pretensions.

As the debate waxed warm, one of the guests proposed that pencil and paper should be brought for each person in the group, and that each one should write an account of what had transpired at a specified house across the street: Who had come and gone, if any one at all; what had occurred; had any one appeared at door or window; had any parcels been left, and by whom; the dress, apparent age, sex, manners and general appearance of every passer-by; had they looked at the house or paused at the gate; had any animals been seen about the premises and under what circumstances; together with any other incident however trivial in its nature. No remarks or questions were to be indulged in, and each was to rely solely on his or her memory for the transactions of half an hour just past. The papers were to be finished, folded and marked on the outside with the writer's name, certified before a notary, who was one of the group, then passed over to one person and read aloud; the reader first giving the contents of his own paper.

The results of that experience will probably never leave the mind of any member of that party. No two accounts agreed. One statement was to the effect that no one had entered the house during the half-hour's interval. Another saw two persons go in and described them somewhat minutely. Another stated that the side-door, which was in full view, had not been opened; while another related in detail the conduct of a youth who brought a parcel and delivered it to a maid-servant in white cap and apron. A man, with a horse, was seen at the stable-door by two of the lookers-on, and two declared that no animal was in sight. The family cat sat on the back-fence all through the time and during the reading, but pussy was gray and so was the fence, and only one pair of eyes rested upon her. Two persons out of eight saw a laborer pass down the street by the house, with his dinner-pail in his hand and a coat over his arm, and no one saw a young girl who came out upon a side-porch and took a bird-cage from its hook and carried it indoors, which incident came out later, when the party, unable to reconcile the widely diverging statements, called on the owner of the cottage, who was a friend and acquaintance of most of them, to correct or verify the statements.

From his testimony it appeared that the youth had delivered the package at the house next door, that a workingman had come in at an alley gate, entered the back door and taken a small tool-box away with him, that the man at the barn had been twice to the house and no one had noticed him although there were at least three places where there were breaks in the shrubbery and he could be seen distinctly. The man with the horse at the door as stated did not come within the interval of time specified, as that was at least an hour earlier than when the writing began.

It would be difficult to imagine a more conflicting collection of testimony, and nothing which could be said or done seemed to help matters at all. The fact remained that almost every account was at variance with the others, and all were in some particulars wide of the mark. That half-hour's work was a revelation, and there are a few people in the world who will never go upon the witness-stand and give positive testimony on passing events. All of which goes to show that it is not at all safe to be too sure of anything.

NEVA'S THREE LOVERS.

Continued from page 7.

the second small closet. It was filled with empty shelves. In one corner an old torn basket had been carelessly thrown. Neva examined the basket, and discovered in it a small black bottle with a few drops of Highland whisky in it, but there was no food. She drank the whisky and crouched down again upon the hearth, weary and worn, and a little later a merciful stupor enwrapped her senses—the stupor of a death-like sleep, such as utter exhaustion sometimes produces.

It seemed to her that she had slept but a minute, but really she had slept for hours, when she was awakened by a loud beating upon the cabin door. She started up broad awake, and stood in an attitude of flight, her head bent toward the door.

"I say she 's in here!" she heard a voice crying loudly—a voice which she recognized with a thrill of terror as the voice of Craven Black. "We 've scoured the mountain on this side and have not found her. She must have taken refuge in this unused cabin. Miss Wynde! Miss Neva!"

Neva was still as death. She scarcely dared to breathe.

Again Craven Black beat furiously upon the door.

"Break in the door!" he shouted. "Here, one of you sailors, bring that log of wood yonder, and we'll see who has barred this door on the inside. The log of wood! Quick!"

Neva stared around her with wild, frightened eyes. There was no outlet from the cabin save through the door or window, and these were side by side, and both commanded by her enemies.

With a terrible despair she crouched again on the hearth, her head still bent toward the door.

"We'll make a battering-ram of the log," said Craven Black. "So! Now the four of us will break the door in in a second. Guard the door, men, while I go in. Keep out those sheep dogs. They act like wolves. Now!"

There was a combined assault upon the door. It trembled and creaked, and one of the iron rests in the wall, unable to resist the pressure brought to bear upon it, gave way, bursting from its socket. The wooden bar dropped to the floor, and the door was burst open so violently and so suddenly that Craven Black came flying into the room like some projectile hurled from a mortar.

He gave a yell of triumph at sight of the slender, crouching figure on the hearth.

"Here she is, boys!" he cried. "We 've found her! Poor creature! She is still in the delirium of the fever, as I told you. How wild she looks!"

The sailors stood without the door, half careless, half pitying. Craven Black had told them that his wife's step-daughter was ill, and had fled from the Wilderness in the delirium of fever, and they saw nothing in Neva's appearance to contradict the statement. For the young girl sprang to her feet and retreated from Craven Black, with both hands upraised, the palms turned outward, and her wild face full of horror and loathing. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks and lips were tinted with vivid carmine. Even Craven Black was alarmed at her appearance, and was calmed into instant gentleness.

"My poor Neva!" he cried. "I am come to take you home—"

"I will not go!" cried the girl, her red-brown eyes flashing. "I will not! Am I utterly forsaken and abandoned to my enemies?"

"You hear her?" exclaimed Black. "Poor thing! She needs her step-mother's tender care and nursing. We brought her up to the Wilderness, hoping that the change would cure her propensity to these paroxysms. Come, Neva. Your step-mother is very anxious about you, and the whole household is alarmed."

"Let me die here," said Neva, her sweet young voice rising to a wail. "Oh, men, have you no pity for me? Can you not see that Craven Black is my enemy? Will you not protect me, and set me free? In the name of mercy—"

"Hear her!" said the sailor who had acted as captain of the yacht, speaking in an audible whisper. "As mad as a March hare—and so young too!"

Clearly there was no help to be expected from the sailors.

Neva retreated to the further corner, as a helpless mouse retreats to a corner of the trap, and Craven Black followed her. There was a brief struggle, and Neva was again a captive.

"We must take turns in carrying her home," said Craven Black, pinioning Neva's arms to her sides. "It'll be a tough job up the steep mountain path, but we can do it."

"It 's no great task," said one of the seamen. "She can't weigh much. She 's fell away since she came to Scotland, and she can't be heavier nor a child of ten."

Craven Black caught up the girl's light figure, and bore her from the cabin, the men following. He strode up the steep hill, holding Neva fiercely to his breast, and now and then he looked down upon her still white face with an expression singularly made up of love and hatred.

Yes, although he had married Lady Wynde from motives of interest, and because, as he had said to himself, a half-loaf of bread was better than none at all, his old love for Neva was not dead in his guilty breast. It was a strange passion, growing hot and cool by turns, now verging toward hatred and now reviving to its olden strength. As he gathered the girl in his arms and went up the hill with her at long, fierce strides, he said to himself that there was no crime at which he would pause, no obstacle which he would not sweep from his path, if the heiress of Hawkhurst would only promise to marry him on the attainment of his freedom.

"Neva!" he whispered.

The young girl raised her eyes to his with such a look of loathing and detestation that his love for her changed suddenly again to hatred. He knew in that moment that the guilty scheme he had just conceived was only a vain fancy, and that Neva could never be induced under any circumstances to marry him.

"I 'm tired, captain," he said abruptly. "You can carry her."

The captain took the helpless burden and went on, Black keeping at his side.

In this manner, taking turns in carrying the young captive, the party returned to the Wilderness.

The mist was still falling when they came upon the plateau, but Mrs. Black stood out upon the lawn, her head bare, her morning robe saturated with wet, and her face worn and haggard with anxiety. There were great dark circles under her hard black eyes, and her mouth was compressed, and there were deep lines about it that added ten years to her apparent age. What she had suffered that day from fear of exposure through her injured step-daughter, her face declared, but she had known less of remorse than of apprehension and terror.

Behind Octavia, upon the porch, and comfortably wrapped in a water-proof cloak, stood Mrs. Artress. Both had thus been watching nearly all the day for the return of the pursuers, and it was now three o'clock of the afternoon, and the dusk was rapidly falling.

"They 've come! They 've come!" cried Octavia Black, hysterically. "They are alone—no; they have got the girl! We are safe—safe!"

She came running to meet her husband, who was now in advance of his men. Craven Black briefly informed his wife how and where he had found Neva, and at the porch he took the captive in his own arms, dismissing the three men to the yacht. He carried Neva to her own room, where Celeste was busy at the moment, and he unloosed the cord confining the girl's arms, setting her free.

There was a wood fire blazing on the hearth. Neva, paying no heed to her enemies, crouched down before it.

"Leave her to herself," said Craven Black. "Celeste, you may remain to dress your young lady—"

"I will dress myself," interposed Neva, in a low, weary voice. "I want to be alone."

"Celeste had better dress Octavia," exclaimed Mrs. Artress abruptly. "Octavia has acted like some cowardly, frightened child all day, Craven. She has stood on the lawn bare-headed, in the mist, until she is wet to the skin, and has a fearful cold. She is nearly ill."

"I will have hot drinks prepared immediately," said Craven Black. "Octavia, you must take a hot bath. Celeste, bring a hot bath to Miss Wynde."

He led the way from the room, the others following. Celeste locked Neva's door, putting the key in her pocket. Octavia went to her own room, coughing dismally.

"Do you hear that?" demanded Mrs. Artress, stopping Craven Black in the hall. "Exercise has prevented any serious harm to Miss Wynde from to-day's exposure; but Octavia has taken a fearful cold. You 'd better nurse her carefully. In your desire to get ten thousand a year more, don't throw away the four thousand you already have. Remember, if Octavia should die, you and I would be beggars!"

"What an infernal croaker you are!" said Black, angrily. "It isn't necessary to twit me with my poverty. As to Octavia, if she 's foolish enough to stand out in a chilling mist out of sheer cowardice, let her cure herself. I am cold and hungry, and I intend to take care of myself."

He proceeded to do so, ministering to his own wants with assiduity.

The Frenchwoman brought in a hot bath to Neva and a bowl of steaming hot whisky punch, then hastening away to attend upon her mistress. Neva took her bath, changed her wet garments for dry ones, drank her punch and went to bed. A free perspiration was induced, and the fever that had threatened her subsided, her pulse beat evenly, and her brain grew cool. She went to sleep, and did not awake until late in the evening.

When she opened her eyes, Mrs. Artress was standing at her bedside, feeling her pulse.

"How do you feel?" demanded the woman, her ashen eyes surveying the girl insolently.

"I am quite well—only tired."

"'Only tired!'" echoed Mrs. Artress. "'Only tired!' After all the trouble you 've made us to-day? Octavia is downright ill. You won't get another opportunity to repeat your proceeding of this morning, my fine young lady. Celeste is with me, and hereafter we two shall call upon you together. Octavia was foolish to come in here alone, but she did not know you so well this morning as she does now. We have brought you up a hot supper, by Craven's orders, but in the morning you go back to the bread-and-water diet if you choose to remain obstinate."

Celeste was standing at the foot of the bed, and now wheeled forward a small table, on which were lighted candles and a large tray of food. This done, Mrs. Artress and the Frenchwoman went out together, locking the door behind them.

Neva sat up in bed, leaning against her pillows, and looked hungrily at the tray. There was a pot of steaming coffee, a plate of buttered hot scons, a dish filled with daintily broiled birds on toast, a dish of baked fish and a basket filled with oranges, apples and grapes. Neva thought she had never beheld a meal so tempting in her life, and surely she had never been so famished. Craven Black had feared the result of her day's exposure on the bleak mountain to the chilling mist, upon her weakened frame, and had sent her strengthening food more from policy than pity. It was not to his interest that she should die.

Neva ate her dinner, or supper, as it might more properly be termed, and concealed the remnants of fowl in her trunk. It was well she did so, for the next morning Celeste brought to her only a meager supply of bread and water. The remains of the wild fowls and of the whisky punch, however, were produced by the young girl when alone, and gave her the sustenance she needed.

Her limbs were somewhat stiff upon the day after her adventure on the mountain, but this stiffness wore off gradually, leaving her as well as ever.

Her diet continued meager in the extreme, no change being afforded her from bread and water. Mrs. Artress and Celeste came to her once a day with food, Craven Black remaining in the ante-room during their visit, as a guard against another possible attempt at escape on the part of the young captive.

A week passed in this manner, before Octavia Black came again to Neva's room. But what a change in her that week had wrought! She had grown thin, and her features were worn to sharpness. A red flush burned fitfully on her cheeks, and her hard black eyes were strangely glittering. She had lost many of the graces that had distinguished her, and looked what she was—a bold, unscrupulous, unprincipled woman. Neva could not particularize in what her charm of person and manner had lain, but those charms were now gone. She looked ten years older than her age and coughed like a consumptive.

"What have you to say to-day, Neva?" asked Octavia, in a hoarse voice.

"Nothing," said Neva, calmly.

"You have put us to a terrible trouble; you have given me a horrible cold and cough; and yet you sit here as obstinate as if you were a princess and we were your subjects. Will nothing subdue your proud spirit? Will nothing bend your haughty will? Do you like bread and water and close confinement so well that you prefer them to a marriage with a handsome young man who adores you?"

"I prefer them to perjuring myself, madam," said Neva, bravely. "I prefer a brief imprisonment to a lifetime of sorrow and repining."

"A brief imprisonment?" repeated Octavia. "It won't be so brief as you think. We are going to remain here all winter if necessary to subdue you. We have entered on a path from which there is no turning back. The winters, I am told, are fearful in these wild Highlands. We shall soon be shut in with snows and awful winds. Your lover can never trace you here; and if he could, he would not be able to reach the Wilderness in the dead of winter. We shall have a dismal winter—you especially. What do you say, Neva?" And her tone grew anxious. "Will you yield?"

"Never!" said Neva, quietly. "I am no child to be frightened by cold, and I am not so fond of the pleasures of the table as to sell my soul for them. I will live here till I die of old age before I will yield!"

Octavia Black's face darkened with an awful shadow. She dreaded the terrible Highland winter; and a strange terror, for which she could not account, held possession of her soul night and day. But, as she had said, she had entered on a path from which there was no turning back. Neva *must* yield, sooner or later, she said to herself, even if compelled to yield through physical weakness.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Black, arising. "We will make preparations to spend the winter here. Craven will go to Inverness in the yacht one day this week and purchase stores for our use during the cold season. We need blankets and food of every description. If you should decide to go to Inverness with him, as the promised bride of Rufus Black, you have only to let me know before he sails."

She went out and locked the door, giving the key to Celeste, who waited in the outer room.

CHAPTER XL.

MORE TROUBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Upon the afternoon of the same day on which occurred the interview between Octavia Black and young Neva Wynde, as detailed at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, Lally Bird, attended by Mrs. Peters, arrived at Inverness, having come up from London by easy stages.

It was a week after Neva's wild flight among the mountains of Ross-shire, but a fine, heavy rain, like that through which Neva had so fruitlessly wandered, was falling like a dusky pall. The sky was dark and frowning, the air was chill and heavy, and the streets were dismal with the rain.

There was no carriage in waiting to convey the travellers to their destination, and they entered a cab and were conveyed to the Caledonian Hotel, where they passed the night.

The next morning the mist was still falling thickly, in a dreary, drizzling, listless fashion, as if it never intended to leave off. Lally looked out of her sitting-room window into the gloomy streets, and said:

"I fear it was a foolish idea to come to Scotland, and so far north too, at this season. And yet I wanted to come."

"It was the best thing we could do," said Mrs. Peters. "You were just pining to death in that great London house, Miss Lally."

"But if we had remained there I might have seen Rufus again, perhaps," said the girl, regretfully. "How shocked he seemed to be at beholding me! He stared at me as at a ghost. I suppose he has long ago ceased to love me. He loves another now. And yet, Mrs. Peters, for the sake of the dear old days when I was all the world to him, he might have followed me to the carriage—he might have traced us home."

"I told him that you were a poor governess, miss," said Peters, who had not informed her young mistress of Rufus Black's visit to Mount Street, having conceived a cordial dislike to Lally's young husband. "P'r'aps the young gentleman had to go back to his heiress that he is engaged to marry. Surely, Miss Lally, you wouldn't take him back, and he engaged to another lady?"

Lally's brown cheeks flushed, and a sudden light leaped to her black eyes.

"Don't ask me, Peters," she said softly. "He was not so much to blame as you think. His father forced him to give me up. He 's only a boy, Peters, and this is his birthday. He is twenty-one to-day. How he used to talk of his birthday, quite as if he were a lord, and expected to come into a property upon this day! He was weak and cowardly, but you could see how he had suffered, Peters. He will marry this beautiful and grand young lady, a baronet's daughter, and he 'll go to court, and his bride will worship him; while I—"

She paused, sighing heavily.

"While you marry some great man, and go to court also, Miss Lally," said Peters.

The girl shook her head sorrowfully.

"He wrote that I am not his wife," she said, "but if I am not his wife, I shall never be the wife of any one else. I thought I was truly his wife, Peters, and I loved him as such, and a woman cannot unlove where she has loved with her whole soul. I shall consider myself in my own heart as the wife of Rufus so long as I live. His grand young bride cannot love him as I love him—my poor wronged boy! He would have been true to me always if his father had let him alone.”

Before Mrs. Peters could reply, there was a knock on the door, and Toppen, Lally’s London footman, entered, his hat in his hand.

“The Heather Hills carriage waits, Miss Wroat,” he announced respectfully. “The horses have been baited, and are fresh for the journey. We left the Hills yesterday, but broke down on the way, and did not get into Inverness until the evening, when we came to this hotel and found your name registered, and that you had retired for the night. The carriage has been put in repair, and we can leave at any hour it may please you.”

“We will go now,” said Lally. “Have the luggage taken down, Toppen. We will follow.”

She rang for the hotel bill, and paid it. The luggage was carried down, and Lally put on her wrappings and bonnet and vail. Mrs. Peters also hastily attired herself, and they descended to the waiting vehicle.

The Heather-Hills carriage proved to be an old-fashioned, cumbrous coach, painted green, and with wheels heavy enough for a luggage cart. It had a stout roof, upon which the luggage was piled. Lally was assisted into the coach, Mrs. Peters entered after her, the windows were drawn up nearly to the top, the footman mounted beside the coachman, who cracked his whip, and away the equipage went, to the edification of several small boys and hotel waiters.

There were plenty of lap blankets and travelling rugs, and Lally rolled herself snugly in a corner, and rubbing a spot on the window glass, tried to look out into the streets as they passed. Mrs. Peters also rolled herself up comfortably, and was silent.

The estate of Heather Hills was situated on the coast, between Fort George and Nairn—much nearer to Nairn, in fact, than to Inverness—but the drive was pleasant in good weather, and the late Mrs. Wroat had always proceeded by carriage from Inverness, a good and sufficient reason why her successor should do so.

The house at Heather Hills was old and picturesque, with a lofty tower that commanded a fine view of Moray Frith. It was of mixed styles of architecture, and was homelike, while it was also imposing. The estate took its name from a low range of hills covered with heather, which formed a portion of its boundaries; but these hills were at a considerable distance from the house, which stood upon a tall and naked bluff, overlooking the Frith.

In summer the house was fanned with the salt sea-breezes, making it a delightful retreat. Seen, however, through a Scotch mist upon a day in late October, under a frowning sky, and with the dreariness of coming winter already apparent in the grounds, it was not so delightful. It looked cold, wind-swept and deserted to Lally as she lowered her window and took a survey of her domain.

Around the house was a wide and fine lawn dotted with trees. There were flower-gardens and the usual appendages to a fine country seat; but Lally’s regard was fixed upon the mansion, which, wrapped in gray mist, seemed to its new owner one of the grandest as well as one of the loveliest houses she had ever seen.

The carriage passed up the long winding drive and halted in the wide porch. Toppen sprang nimbly down from the box, threw off his Mackintosh and opened the coach door, assisting its occupants to alight.

Then he flung open the house-door and led the way up the steps into the great hall, while the carriage went around to the stables.

In the wide hall the steward and his wife were waiting, to welcome the new owner of Heather Hills.

The former was a hale, sandy-haired Scotchman with a plain honest face. The latter was a broad-faced motherly Scotchwoman, who fell in love with the young mistress of the house at first sight.

“Miss Wroat,” said Peters, “these are Mr. and Mrs. Lang, the steward and his wife.”

Lally acknowledged the introduction with a gentle courtesy that won the Scotchman’s heart.

“The house is all in order, miss,” he said respectfully. “There ’re a cook and house-maid from Inverness, and new furniture has been put in your own room, miss, and your sitting-room has been newly furnished, as Mrs. Peters ordered. If the house is not to your liking, anything can be changed as you wish.”

“I will show you up to your room, miss,” said Mrs. Lang, noticing Lally’s pallor and evident weariness. “Dinner will be on the table in an hour.”

Lally and Peters followed the steward’s wife to the upper hall, and to a large octagon chamber, newly fitted up with a crimson carpet, crimson-covered chairs and a cottage piano. A wood-fire burned on the hearth, and an easy-chair in a white slip-cover was drawn up before it.

“How cozy and pleasant!” exclaimed Lally. “All is warmth and brightness in here, but I can look from my windows upon the wild sea, white with fury. See the sails! I shall never tire of this charming room and charming prospect.”

“Your bedroom adjoins this room, Miss Wroat,” said Mrs. Lang, well pleased with Lally’s praise. “Mrs. Peters’s room is next beyond, and opens into yours.”

“Do you live in the house, Mrs. Lang?” asked Lally.

“No, miss. We live at the cottage half a mile back, which you passed just before turning into the grounds. We have lived there twenty years. No other spot in the world seems so like home to us. If we had to leave it now,” and Mrs. Lang’s voice trembled, “I think my old man would just fret himself to death.”

“You won’t have to leave it,” said Lally, cheerfully. “I do not intend that my aunt’s old friends or faithful servants shall suffer through me. I desire Mr. Lang to continue his stewardship so long as he lives and I live. I do not know anything about the revenue of this little estate; Mr. Harris forgot to mention it, perhaps; but I am sure it cannot be in better hands than those in which my aunt placed it.”

Mrs. Lang looked relieved and gratified.

“The estate has yielded some three hundred a year to Mrs. Wroat, after all salaries were paid,” she explained. “It is not as profitable as most places of its size, but it has served as a grand country seat in its day, and the grounds are very extensive and beautiful. The house and outbuildings are in perfect repair; there is a pair of carriage horses, besides the work animals; and there is a fine lot of sheep and cattle of the best breeds, and they can be made a source of greater revenue if you are willing to go to some outlay for stock.”

“We will see to all that,” said Lally, beginning to feel an interest in her new possession. “I would like to talk with Mr. Lang about it some day when he has leisure. I wish you and Mr. Lang would remain to dinner with us.”

The steward’s wife accepted the invitation with delight, and went down to acquaint her husband with his prospects for the future.

Lally made her toilet, with Mrs. Peters’s assistance.

“I can see my future,” said Lally, with the first gleam of brightness Mrs. Peters had seen in her black eyes and on her gypsy face since Mrs. Wroat’s death. “I dare say I shall in time go to town and the house in Mount Street for three months in the year; and I shall live here at Heather Hills, and raise prize pigs and prize sheep and prize Highland cattle, and look out of the windows at the sails; and so the years will pass, and I shall grow gray. And, oh, I ’ll get up a charity school of some sort and teach it myself; and the children, instead of being disfigured with bag-like blouses and horrid starched caps, shall all wear the prettiest pink and blue dresses, according to their complexions, and the prettiest white ruffled aprons; and when I die they shall stand in two rows around my grave, and may be somebody will say that I was a ‘mother in Israel.’ ”

It was not a very bright picture of the future of one so young and pretty as Lally, with fortune and all good gifts. She seemed intended for a home fairy, to cheer and uphold and strengthen a kindly, loving husband; to gather little children of her own to her breast; and good Mrs. Peters could not help praying that such might be Lally’s destiny.

When the young mistress of Heather Hills had changed her black bombazine travelling dress for a black lusterless silk trimmed heavily with crape and provided with white crape ruffles at the throat, and had put on her jet jewelry, she was ready for dinner. Her black hair had been gathered into braids, and was ornamented with a black bow, and she looked as she was, gentle, refined, intelligent, weighted with sorrow too heavy for her to bear, yet meek and patient as some young martyr.

“We will go down now to our guests, Peters,” she said. “How soon will you be ready?”

Mrs. Peters’s face flushed.

“Miss Lally,” she said hesitatingly, “it is not suitable I should dine with you. I am only your maid, you know. Mrs. Wroat had me always dine with her, because otherwise she must have dined alone, and she liked company. Mr. Lang is the younger son of a Scottish laird, and he might be affronted to dine with me.”

“But I insist!” said Lally.

“No, no, Miss Lally. When you are alone I ’ll dine with you for company,” said Mrs. Peters, stoutly; “but I assure you I would rather eat by myself when there ’s company. I won’t have any one say that my young mistress doesn’t know what is suitable to her station. If I could, I’d set you up on a pedestal above everybody else; indeed, I would, Miss Lally. I would like to be housekeeper here and manage the servants, but I can’t dine with you when there ’s company.”

“You shall do as you please, Peters,” said Lally. “You are my friend as well as my maid—my only friend, Peters. If you don’t like to dine with company, you shall dine where you please. There, give me a kiss, Peters, and I ’ll go down.”

Peters gave the desired kiss, with many additional ones, and wiped her eyes as Lally went out, and muttered:

“She is just the bonniest, sweetest young lady that ever lived. If that young gentleman comes up here to see her, he ’ll go away with a flea in his ear—see if he don’t.”

Lally went down to her guests and talked with them until the dinner bell rang. Mr. Lang offered her his arm with quite the air of a man of fashion, giving his wife his other arm, and the three went in to dinner.

The dining-room was long and low, with two great wood-fires on capacious hearths, and a seven-windowed oriel overhanging the sea. It was bright with ruddy colors and fine china and gleaming silver, and the dinner upon the oval table was in keeping with the room. It was a feast fit for a princess and had been ordered by Mrs. Lang with a view to presenting to the heiress of Heather Hills as many varieties of birds and game and fish off her estate as could be obtained.

After dinner, Lally had a long business conversation with Mr. Lang, and repeated the promise she had already given the steward’s wife. She appointed another interview with the steward for the following day, and about dusk the visitors took their leave.

Lally spent the evening in playing upon her piano, in singing and in thought.

The next morning she walked over to the steward’s cottage, and made a brief visit. The day was dark and gloomy, but it did not rain. In the afternoon the steward came up to the great house to see Lally, and he remained until nearly dinner. At five o’clock Lally and Mrs. Peters dined together in the dining-room overlooking the sea, a dozen candles lighted and sending their bright gleams out over the troubled waters.

“You look better to-night, Miss Lally,” said her faithful attendant. “You will find new interests up in this region, and will find that you have something to live for yet.”

Lally smiled sadly, but did not answer.

They still lingered in the dining-room, Lally standing in the great oriel window and looking out upon the sea, which was being furiously beaten by the winds, when Mrs. Peters heard a carriage come up the drive and halt in the carriage porch.

The good woman’s face turned pale. She glanced at her young mistress, but Lally heard no sound save the tumult of the winds and the waves.

“It ’s a wild night,” said the young girl. “I don’t see a sail in the Frith. The boats have all made for harbor.”

At that moment a double knock was heard upon the front door, and Mrs. Peters heard the house-maid going to the door.

But Lally’s face was pressed against the cold glass, and she did not hear the summons for admittance.

“The wind is rising,” the girl said, with a shudder. “I see a steamer coming in. She ’ll make port just in time. I would not like to be on the sea to-night.”

Mrs. Peters heard the front door open. With a nervous glance at her young mistress, she stole out into the hall.

The front door was open, and a gust of wind was sweeping through the hall like a hurricane. Upon the threshold a man wearing a greatcoat and broad-brimmed artists’ hat, a man with a slender figure and eager face, was standing, talking with the house-maid.

Mrs. Peters recognized the unwelcome guest as Rufus Black.

“I want to see Mrs. Peters,” he was saying earnestly—“Miss Wroat’s companion. I have come up expressly from London to see her. I cannot go back to Inverness without seeing Mrs. Peters. She is my wife!”

“Lawks, sir!” said the house-maid, with a wild idea that her visitor was a lunatic.

The reader, who knows how naturally Rufus Black’s mistake had arisen, will not wonder at it.

“I must see her,” persisted Rufus, his voice trembling. “Tell Mrs. Peters a gentleman wishes to see her—”

At that moment Mrs. Peters, grim and terrible, resolving to protect her young mistress from one she deemed unworthy of her, marched out into the full glare of the hall lamp, and placing her arms akimbo, and assuming her most warlike aspect, exclaimed:

“Well, sir, and what may you want of me, sir? *I* am Mrs. Peters!”

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 43.]

STRANGERS THOUGH WEDDED.

A *Sun* reader complains that she has been married ten years and that she is not as well acquainted with her husband as her sister, who has been married only three years, is with hers. This, her sister, who lives in the suburbs, claims is due to the manner of life in cities. In proof she produces the following tabulated statement. Business, it must be understood, stands simply for the time a man is absent from home during the day, without reference to the manner of spending the time.

Table No. 1 shows the number of hours in which a city woman is deprived of the companionship of her husband:

	Hours.	*Days.*	*Hours.*	*Hours.*
Hours in a week......	..	..	..	168
Business...............	9	6	54	..
Evenings out.........	5	3	15	..
In sleep..............	8	7	56	..
Total hours..........	..	..	..	125
Total hours with wife	..	..	..	43

The result proclaims these to be one hundred and twenty-five hours, leaving forty-three hours in the week for conversation and their mutual affairs.

Table No. 2 refers to the husband of her sister in the country: It corresponds with Table No. 1.

	Hours.	*Days.*	*Hours.*	*Hours.*
Hours in a week......	..	..	..	168
Business...............	7	6	42	..
In sleep..............	8	7	56	..
Total hours..........	..	..	..	98
Total hours with wife’s company....	..	..	..	70

Business here means business. Her sister’s husband, having no club to drop into, comes home as early as five o’clock, and they stroll in the garden, go for a drive together, or read and chat until dinner. Table No. 2, it will also be observed, includes no evenings out. By this, it must be understood, no evenings out alone, save an occasional primary or vestry meeting, which would scarcely disturb the sum total. It is needless to comment on the one hundred and twenty-five hours spent by the city man away from his wife against the ninety-eight hours of the country husband, which are susceptible of yet further reduction and modification.

Another thing that deserves emphasis is that when her sister goes down-town she is likely to visit her husband’s business house. There she sees him in the midst of his affairs, in his business intercourse, a man with men. Thus she is led frequently to be his confidante, and she can take an intelligent interest in the things that interest him. Frequently he will leave his place of business and walk up the street with her, perhaps accompany her on some errand. Thus they become more companionable, more essential to one another.

Nothing of this is possible to the city man or woman. The man becomes more and more absorbed in his own doings; and the woman fits her life as best she may. The bitterest result seems to be that, while the woman is always curious, always speculating, always endeavoring to get side lights on this man to whom she is mated, he shows no such speculative interest in her.

AN HONEST CUSTOMER.

A man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish was anxious to keep up his character for honesty. While making a bill with his merchant and when the latter’s back was turned, the “honest” buyer slipped a codfish under his coat. But the garment was too short.

“Now,” said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, “Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal and have paid you honestly, haven’t I?”

“Oh, yes,” answered the merchant.

“Well,” said the customer, “I believe that honesty is the best policy.”

“That ’s so,” replied the merchant; and the customer turned to go. “Hold on, friend!” cried the merchant. “Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice: When you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish!”

"A BLOW FROM AN UNSEEN HAND."

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Give us the hand that will strike a blow
  In the open market-place,
While the well-roused blood from the angry heart
  Inflames the answering face!
Rather than that sly, stealthy hand
  That aims a blow in the dark
And leaves, like a poisoned serpent's fang,
  A sure and deadly mark.

The tale that the smooth-tongued slanderer tells
  Behind her fair friend's back,
That grows and grows as it onward goes
  With the sound of the mill's click, clack!
The doubtful story set afloat
  By some secret, dangerous band,
To rob a man of his fame or name,
  Are blows from an unseen hand.

Give us the open light of day,
  With the clear sun shining bright,
Rather than shadows grim and gray
  On the darker gloom of night:
Give us a hand that will deal a blow
  As a flint may strike a spark,
Rather than that sly, stealthy one
  That aims a blow in the dark.

◆

ROSE'S REVENGE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Quiet as a grave in the moonlight was the Aslin mansion in the sultry summer afternoon. The siesta then absolved every one from the present, and, in the land of dreams, mistress and slaves found a temporary equality. In her own vast, dusky room, closely jalousied from every sunbeam, madam was fast asleep. She was at all times a beautiful woman, but more so now in her snowy deshabille, calm and still behind rose-tinted mosquito-screens.

I have said all were asleep and dreaming, but I must make one exception. Frank Aslin, aged twenty, was dreaming without sleeping. He had in his pocket a letter which was quite sufficient to banish sleep from such an enthusiastic, romantic nature; and yet the letter was only from his father, the gravest gentleman you would meet in a year's journeying. It was short and simple enough, as all Judge Aslin's letters were, and merely said:

"DEAR BOY: I shall be home on Wednesday night. Come to meet me at Neale's Station and bring the carriage, as there will be a young lady with me. Give Queen orders to make all arrangements for her comfort. If your mother feels able to give any directions, I shall feel obliged to her."

But Mrs. Aslin had not felt able. She heard the news just as she was preparing for her siesta and was satisfied to delegate full powers to the negress Queen. *Who* the young lady was, she did not know—and she really had little care. The house was large enough to give a room to a good client of the judge's without causing her any annoyance, and she was quite sure that Judge Aslin would not offer his hospitalities to any one who was not likely, in some way or other, to be an equivalent.

Felippa and Joanna Aslin, being themselves young ladies, speculated a little about the stranger, but with no lively interest. They had seen several of their father's lady-clients, and they had generally been women of a sorrowful spirit, struggling through the intricacies of Spanish land-titles and government claims. The word "young" lady was, indeed, the promise of something different; but they inherited, with the Mexican beauty of their mother, her lazy, inert disposition, and they knew no medium between indifference and enthusiasm. Frank, on the contrary, with the Scotch physiognomy of his father, had also inherited his speculative, energetic temperament.

"None are so pretty as my little mamma," said Frank, stooping to kiss the lovely face lifting itself out of floating lace and gleaming gems. Then he drove rapidly to Neale's Station and was just in time to see his father lift a young girl out of the stage—a girl quite unlike any he had ever seen, a fair, rosy, golden-haired divinity, who lifted eyes, blue and clear as heaven, to meet him.

The judge said her father had been his earliest friend and that Rose and her fortune were left to his care. He demanded for her the coolest rooms, the best maid, the most scrupulous attentions. Her dresses were rich, her allowance ample, and there seemed no earthly reason for madam to interfere with Frank's worship of his new divinity. So the sweet old drama was lived over again; it was delicious enough to live it over in that dreamy, passionate clime, where no rude element jarred its perfect beauty. But though Judge Aslin seemed well content that Frank and Rose should love each other, he persistently opposed all talk of marriage. By and by this opposition, where opposition seemed so unnecessary, roused all the dormant curiosity and jealousy of madam's Southern nature.

She began to question Rose carefully about her former life; but the child had nothing to conceal, and told all with a frankness which madam considered of itself proof positive of a preconcerted tale. Her mother she denied all knowledge of; her father she described as a sad, lonely gentleman, writing much and seeing very few strangers. When madam asked about the "establishment," Rose described a little cottage, standing in a cocoa and tamarind grove, and an old negro woman, who she said was still living in Key West—all of which increased suspicion against her, as Mr. Aslin had told a very different story.

He had spoken of great obligations to this evidently poor, uninfluential gentleman, "who wrote much and saw few strangers," and had intimated that Rose was connected with a wealthy and powerful family and was heiress to large estates.

With all her inexperience and simplicity of character, Rose was at length sensible of being watched and not pleasantly commented on. Her rambles with Frank became matters for espionage, and every kind word and action from her guardian raised an angry frown on all the ladies' brows. Then Frank was suddenly, and with scarcely any preparation, sent to Europe, and her life settled down into a dull, unhappy monotony, which was now unbroken by any efforts on the part of madam or the young ladies to lighten. They received and paid visits and went occasionally to New Orleans for a week's holiday, but never on any occasion requested her society.

Rose could not be ignorant that this change had not been accomplished without much angry disputing in the house, but there are situations in which a man is powerless to defend a woman, however anxious he may be to do so, and Mr. Aslin felt this fact painfully.

Just *what* were his wife's suspicions, she never told any one. It is likely she had not even decided on them in her own heart, but they had a very decided effect. Miss Rose Van Ransaleur's name began to be omitted from all invitations and calls of ceremony, and the very servants dropped the element of respect out of their attentions, unless Mr. Aslin was present.

Poor little Rose! This was not her only trouble. Frank never wrote to her. His mother indeed read some pleasant message or apology in the first letters, with always a promise of a long letter for herself, but it never came; and gradually even the message grew colder, until it, too, was forgotten.

Nothing can change the nature of a woman like the indulgence of one overmastering passion. In her insane jealousy, madam forgot her inherent laziness. She learned to follow Rose into the loneliest and most distant parts of the plantation and to watch her at hours once absolutely devoted to slumber and privacy. From this terrible persecution, Rose began slowly to perceive she must fly somewhere.

One day, when the madam and her pretty, ungenerous daughters had gone for a holiday to New Orleans, Rose, defying her negro guards, went boldly to Mr. Aslin's office and poured forth, with passionate tears and complaints, all her wrongs, entreating that her real position might be explained to her. Mr. Aslin seemed to suffer in her recital more keenly than Rose herself. A spasm of intense agony contracted his face, but he would not suffer her to move.

"It will be over soon, child," he said, "and it is well that you have brought me to this point. You shall know all that I can tell you. Rose, your father and I were sworn friends even in early boyhood. We were both at the same school. I was strong, and he was sickly and weak. I fought his battles and talked to him through many a night when he was suffering too much to sleep.

"Then, dear, we both went to Europe, and I, while he was studying hard, gave myself up to every species of sin and dissipation. Yet his love never grew cold; his patience never wearied. At last, Rose, I committed a crime which would have sent me to prison for the best years of my life, had not your father, by absolutely impoverishing himself, placed me in safety. He did this without a word of reproach. He clasped my stained hand and wept as bitterly at parting with me as if I had been worthy of his love.

"I buried myself in this wilderness, then a Mexican town, and commenced the practice of law. After some years, I married, and wealth and honors followed me; but I never had another friend. I kept my own counsel even from my wife. About five years after my settlement here, your father wrote and told me that a lovely girl whom he had married in defiance of his father and friends' wish was apparently dying. He had hopes of delaying death, however, in a southern climate if I could find a nice home for him. Just at that time, the little Florida place was lying in my hands for exchange for Texas sugar lands, and I bought it, and went, myself, to meet my friend to see him comfortably accommodated to circumstances.

"Your mother lingered about a year, and, after her death, his Florida home became very dear to your father. The climate suited his health. It was far removed from all his estranged family. He could live economically there. And as I was now able to pay back gradually my debt, there was no need for any exertion on his part. He devoted himself to literature, and became a noted writer on the subjects he investigated.

"But the quarrel with his family was never healed. He was, in general, forgiving and forbearing to a fault; but the opposition and cruelty which his young wife had met with he considered unpardonable. When he found himself dying, he sent for me and committed you and your interests to my care. Knowing that you must (however poor you now are) eventually inherit your grandfather's immense wealth, how could I let you, in the foolish tenderness of a first passion, marry Frank? My duty to you demands that you must see more of the world before deciding so important a matter.

"It is time you went now to those more able to protect you than I am. For your welfare I would lay my life down against anything I could fight; but women have a subtle method of annoyance before which I am powerless. This is the more necessary as my own life is very uncertain and I may die in any such attack as you have witnessed. Besides, in my opinion, there is going to be a long and bitter war, and, before it is over, God only knows how I shall be situated, even if alive. Will you go North at once or will you wait until I communicate with your grandfather?"

"I will go at once."

"To-morrow, then, we start. To-night I will put in order all your father's letters and papers; they will go with us, and I will at the same time make all necessary explanations."

"But madam? She will be so angry at you."

"I can brave madam's anger for the child of one who braved infamy and poverty for me. Make as few preparations as possible; we will take the house by surprise in spite of their vigilance."

Next morning, the judge made no secret of his intentions. He left slander nothing to speculate about. The Señor Gonzales, madam's brother, was perfectly satisfied and agreeable, and no one in the village ever cared to dissent from a gentleman at once so ready to take offense and to exact apologies as the Mexican don was.

The journey, begun without a single "God-speed," nevertheless prospered. In about eight days Rose found herself within the shadow of a splendid, old brick mansion, the petted and beloved child of a doting old man. Mr. Aslin lingered a few days. He set the memory of his dead friend in noblest sentences before the regretful father; he saw Rose fully acknowledged in all her rights, and bright and happy in recovered love and confidence. With a noble self-denial he never named Frank, but at the last hour Rose's own heart spoke for both.

"Before you say good-by," she whispered, "tell me truly: Do *you* think Frank has forgotten me?"

"I am sure he has not, Rose. You will find out, one day, that his truth and honor are unstained. But never forget, child, one thing: Have no engagement without your grandfather's knowledge. I never knew a blessing on a sinful, willful marriage. The blessing of friends asks God's blessing, too, my child."

The war prophesied came with the rapidity of a thunder-storm. Hardly had Mr. Aslin got home, when the country was sealed to social intercourse, and local information became very uncertain and infrequent. In the earliest phase of the excitement, Mr. Aslin died of heart-disease, and Señor Gonzales went with a troop of lawless men to the Mexican frontier. Frank was in Constantinople, and how the reckless, improvident family, with a troop of lazy, unmanageable servants, was to live without the judge's income and the señor's overseeing seemed a doubtful problem.

But time to Rose flew in those days of excitement. One great event trod on the heels of another. About three years, after Rose had "come to her own" and been received by them, had passed away; and Rose was still Rose Van Ransaleur. There had been no lack of lovers, but none of them suited Rose for a husband, and the old gentleman smiled grimly as one after another stopped visiting at the old Brick Mansion.

Getting toward Christmas in the fourth year of the War, Rose went one morning with her grandfather to call on a friend staying in one of the fashionable hotels. The clerk who answered her grandfather's inquiries was Frank Aslin. Rose looked gladly, steadily at him; there was no doubt of his identity. In eager, tearful tones she drew her grandfather aside and told him all the truth. It was rather a bitter pill for the old gentleman to swallow, but he did not hesitate before so manifest a courtesy and duty. Still he could not quite control himself.

"These Aslins seem our evil genius, Rose," he said; "their friendship in one generation is enough."

"Nay, grandfather, this generation reaps what the last one sowed."

He shook his head doubtingly, but after putting her in the carriage went frankly up to the young man and said:

"Mr. Frank Aslin?"

For one moment Frank hesitated, and then answered:

"I know no reason for denying my name. Necessity has no law, sir."

"I am an old friend of your dead father, and I purpose in the present unpleasant circumstances to take his place toward you. Will you dine with me to-night at seven o'clock?"

The offer so frankly made was as frankly accepted, and the meeting between guest and granddaughter was such as to render all explanations unnecessary.

Frank's story was a very common one: He had found his money barely sufficient to bring him back to New York, and had arrived too late to return home with safety. His efforts to obtain employment had been limited by the fact that he had been brought up "to do nothing;" and, without a trade or profession, he had been thankful enough to drift into a hotel clerkship until the evil days were over.

I do not pretend that he was a hero, but Rose glorified him in her imagination into one. It is a way women have; and without it, I am afraid, the world would not get carried on at all.

When the War closed at last, the Aslin mansion and estate were advertised for sale at a mere nominal value. Old Mr. Van Ransaleur bought it quietly and gave it to Rose for her wedding present. Frank soon after carried the title-deeds down South, and a proud, dark woman took them with tears of passionate joy out of his hands. That was Rose's revenge. It might have been coals of fire to some people, but it was not to madam. She had still the idea that in some unexplained way she was the injured party.

However, as the years rolled on and the beautiful Southern sisters got a habit of coming every summer to Frank and Rose, a more generous feeling grew up in hearts little used to acknowledge the rights of others.

Rose one morning came radiant into her husband's room, saying:

"Frank! Frank! Guess whom my letter is from!"

"It looks like my mother's writing."

"It is. She says she has quite forgiven us, and is coming to be godmother to the new baby. We must certainly call it Papeta, after her."

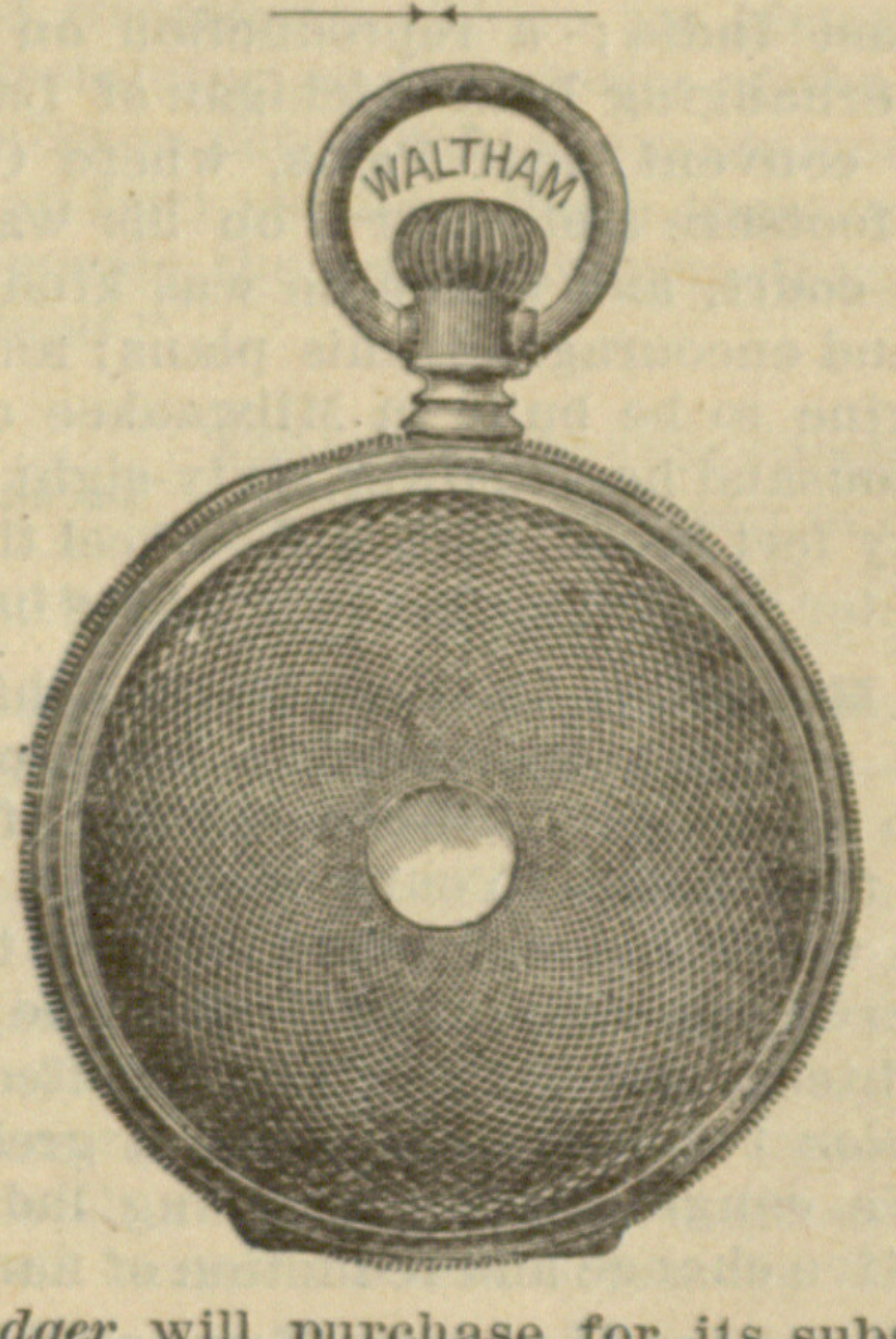
◆

NO LAUGHING MATTER.—In the Paris theatres professional laughers are employed, who engage to indulge in the most contagious hilarity, the time of their merriment being previously arranged. One time the programme was changed without the knowledge of one of the laughers, and when he burst forth uproariously in the midst of a touching couplet about Alsace and Lorraine, the audience nearly killed him.

A FAMILY OFFER.

Watches for Our Subscribers and Readers at Much Less than the Usual Price.

By reading this article, even those readers who do not want a first-class watch at any price will be interested in learning the phenomenally low prices at which the LEDGER can sell goods.



The *Ledger* will purchase for its subscribers Waltham and Elgin watches at prices much less than they can buy them of any jeweler. Every one knows the excellence of these watches, and that they are the best in the world for anything like the money; but many are compelled to purchase foreign counterfeits simply because they cannot purchase the genuine without paying two or three prices. The *Ledger* has selected watches which represent the best value for the money of any watches yet made. The *Ledger* is the Great Family Paper, and it proposes to furnish watches suitable for every member of the families who read the *Ledger*, whether they are subscribers or buy the *Ledger* from their newsdealer. If you wish to buy any of these watches, and are a reader who buys his *Ledger* from a newsdealer, please send us the name and address of your newsdealer with your order.

WATCHES FOR FATHERS.

No. 1 is a Waltham or Elgin watch, Hunting Case or Open Face, in the works of which are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set and all improvements. The case is made of solid gold, of two qualities, and is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. The Brooklyn Granger case is made by the Brooklyn Watch-Case Company, and this Company guarantees the outside layer to be 14-k. gold and the inside layer to be 4-k. gold. Sent to any subscriber by insured registered mail for $25.10.

No. 2. Same works in gold-filled case, guaranteed to wear fifteen years, Open Face, $12.00. Hunting Case, $15.50.

No. 3. Same works in solid nickel-silver case, Open Face, $5.50.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS.

No. 4 is a solid 14-k. gold engraved Hunting Case watch, ladies' size. The works (either Waltham or Elgin) contain eleven jewels, stem-wind and set and all improvements. This watch, like all the rest, is an accurate time-keeper and is offered at one-half the usual price. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $25.00.

No. 5 is the same as No. 4, but the case is gold filled; guaranteed to wear twenty years. Price, delivered to any subscriber, $17.25.

FOR THE DAUGHTERS.

No. 6 is a Waltham or Elgin seven-jeweled watch, stem-wind and set, solid gold Hunting Case, ladies' size. This is good enough for the daughter of the President. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $18.50.

No. 7 has the same works as No. 6 in a gold-filled Hunting Case, full engraved, guaranteed to wear fifteen years. Delivered to *Ledger* subscribers for $15.40.

WATCHES FOR THE SONS.

No. 8 is a Waltham or Elgin watch like No. 1, in a solid coin-silver, 3-ounce case, Open Face or Hunting. Delivered to any subscriber for $12.00.

No. 9 is the same as No. 3, and for boys is the best watch in the world, being strong, handsome and accurate. Price $5.50.

THE LEDGER MODEL WATCH.

This is a watch suitable for a father or son. We call it "The *Ledger* Model Watch," because, as patriotic Americans, we are especially proud of this production of American industry. The movement (or works) is made according to the celebrated Waltham Riverside model. The case is a gem of the jeweler's art, being a gold-filled case, with two heavy sheets of 14-k. gold, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for twenty years.

Price to our subscribers, $20.00, and they can have either Open Face or Hunting Case. We feel confident that all who buy this watch will think as highly of it as we do, and be just as proud of it, too.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

No watches sent C. O. D. No watches offered as premiums. Every watch will be sent in perfect condition. Should any watch be damaged in the mails, the subscriber should return it to this office at once. The *Ledger* guarantees satisfaction in every case, and if the subscriber is convinced that his watch is not as advertised his money will be refunded within reasonable time.

All our watches are the latest product of the great Waltham and Elgin factories. All watches are stem-winders and setters.

These prices do *not* include a subscription. A subscriber may buy as many watches as he likes from us and at our greatly reduced prices. But only the subscribers to the *Ledger* or those who buy the *Ledger* at the news-stands can buy at these prices. If you want a watch, and are not a subscriber, you can become a subscriber by adding to your remittance $2.00 for a year's subscription to the *Ledger*, and then you can purchase any of our watches.

IMPORTANT.

In ordering, be careful to name the number of the offer, the kind of case, and whether Open Face or Hunting. Say whether an Elgin or Waltham is preferred, also please state the price of the watch you want.

Every watch will be sent by registered mail. Each one will be inspected and regulated before mailing, but while only perfect watches ever leave the Elgin and Waltham factories, accidents are possible in the mails. The watch should be carefully wound and run when received, and if not in perfect order should be remailed to the *Ledger* office within a reasonable time.

Address all letters and remittances to
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Ledger Office, New York City.

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Among Notable exhibits promised for the World's Fair are some marvelous mosaics; a series of geographical charts and accurate copies of various interesting documents from Pope Alexander VI. to Columbus and the court of Madrid, regarding the discovery of Columbus, from the pope at Rome; rare specimens of gold and silver filigree work and other very valuable products from East India; a reproduction on a small bluff overhanging Lake Michigan of La Rabida, a little convent near Palos, where Columbus halted, footsore and weary, on his way to the Spanish court, and where he was kindly entertained and encouraged in his plans; and a monster engine to be built in Milwaukee of nearly three thousand horse-power, sixty-eight feet long and forty feet broad, with a fly-wheel thirty feet in diameter and eleven feet four inches in breadth.

Mlle. Bergliott, the beautiful daughter of the Swedish novelist, Björnstjerne Björnson, is engaged to marry Henry Ibsen, only son of the novelist of that name. Young Ibsen has extreme political views and was forced to leave the diplomatic service on account of them. The *fiancée* is only eighteen, and her portrait, painted for the Paris *Salon* two years ago, made a great sensation. We congratulate the young lady on her prospective change and reduction of name.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a letter to a London boys' club, in which she said: "I used to say to my own two boys: 'You are like the block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon you whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought is a false stroke of the chisel and mars the statue.'"

Senator and Mrs. Brice are to occupy the Corcoran house at Washington this season. It has been unoccupied so long that repairs are sadly needed, and a small army of workmen has taken possession of it, and at least twenty thousand dollars will be expended in decorating and putting it in order. The cottage in Tensas Row, occupied for fifty summers by Mr. Corcoran, is now the summer home of Judge and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor of New York.

Miss Mabel E. Cahill, a young Irish girl, who has been in this country only two years, is the champion lady tennis-player of America. Our English sisters are even more devoted to the game than we are, and the English lady-champion is Miss Charlotte Dod, a young girl of seventeen. The next best two lady-players are Mrs. Hillyard, whose husband was one of Lord Hawke's cricket team when it visited America last year, and Miss Bertha Steedman.

Joseffy, the Pianist, has been practicing nine hours a day for the past year, and those who have heard him play recently say that he will astonish his audiences in the grand tour which he intends making this winter. Marie Roze will retire from the operatic stage and will give lessons in Paris to English, French and American students in operatic singing and acting.

D. W. Tryon, of New York, has received the first prize, a gold medal, at the Sixth International Art Exhibition in Munich. The successful picture was "The Rising Sun," which won the Palmer prize of $500 at the Chicago Interstate Art Exhibition, three years ago; and this is the first time that an American artist has received a prize at the Munich exhibition.

Dr. Annie Wilson Patterson is a distinguished young musical director and composer, who is making a high reputation in Dublin. She is conductor and director of the Dublin Choral Union, and is the only lady-doctor of music in the United Kingdom except the Princess of Wales.

Albert H. Hardy, the poet, literary student and editor, has found a congenial occupation in injecting new blood into *Godey's*, which, phœnix-like, is rising from the ashes of a venerable past to a promising present and an apparently illimitable future.

Helen Keller, the gifted blind girl of Alabama, whose name is becoming as well known as was that of Laura Bridgman, has written a story for *St. Nicholas*, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the children's building at the World's Fair.

The late Samuel McDonald Richardson, of Baltimore, is said to have been personally acquainted with nearly forty-seven thousand depositors in the savings-bank of which he was president, all of them working-people of small means.

A light breakfast in London means, to an Englishman, a cup of coffee, a boiled egg and three slices of toast. The breakfast substantial is a small chop, one egg, a penny-loaf of bread, a buttered muffin and a cup of coffee.

It is said that many Japanese women are undergoing the surgical operation necessary to straighten the slant of the eye-lid, which distinguishes them so unmistakably from Caucasian women.

There is a natural whispering-gallery at Dry Lake, Lassen County, California, where the slightest footfall of man or beast is heard many miles away.

Whitelaw Reid is of Scotch ancestry; his mother, Marian Whitelaw Ronalds, being a direct descendant of the clan Ronald.

Mrs. Anna K. Koach is the sole owner and manager of a cattle-ranch of eight thousand acres at Carrollton, Illinois.

One thousand eight hundred girls were graduated from the Boston cooking-schools during the past year.

Canadians are the largest tea-drinkers in the world.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

When a Chinese Boy Gets to Be a Man.

What is the most important event in the life of a little American boy or a little English boy? Why, it is when he takes off his knickerbockers and goes into long trousers, is it not? From that time he ceases to be a little boy merely, and begins to take on some of the cares and duties of a grown-up man.

Perhaps he is given a latch-key at that time. Perhaps his father trusts him to be his sister's escort upon little railway journeys. Perhaps he is allowed a voice in deciding family questions. Something is surely done to mark the change from little boyhood into young manhood.

That is the way with little boys in this part of the world.

But in China it is different. What do you suppose is done for a boy when he has reached the age when he is tired of kite-flying and playing with Chinese toys? Why, his head is shaved and is prepared for a queue!

The celebration of the event is a very important one in a Chinese household. All the friends and relatives are invited and are expected to give the boy a very nice present in money. The boy himself is elegantly dressed in silk robes, and is perfumed as sweet as fresh spices can make him. When all are assembled, his father makes a speech, the relatives present him with the purse of money, and then the Chinese priest shaves the boy's head for a queue. And he is launched upon the world as a man. How different from the informal way American boys go forth into the world! Isn't it?

What Children Play with in the Caucacus.

In the Caucasus Mountains, there are many wild uncivilized tribes of people whose terribly rough ways would make the heart of a civilized mother stand still with fear if her child were to be treated as the people of the Caucacus treat their children every day.

The first thing that a Caucasus baby is given for a plaything is a dagger. This is presented to him as soon as he can walk. For an hour or two, each day, his mother spends her time teaching him how to use the weapon, so that he will some day become an expert. He is taught to stab water, so that it makes no splash, and is made to hurl his dagger at a mark, again and again, until he cannot miss his aim.

And all this is done during the time that other boys are spinning tops and studying a spelling-book.

When the Caucasian boy grows up, he knows just one thing—how to use a dagger; while civilized boys know— Well, sometimes they know a great deal!

Why Prussian Children Go to School.

In Prussia, all the boys and girls are absolutely required to go to school for eight long years. They must go daily to school from the time they are six years old until they are fourteen. And they are not allowed to be absent unless they are too sick to go to school. When a little Prussian boy or girl is late at school or absent, for even a day, the teacher calls upon the parents and inquires why the little one did not come to school as usual. If the parents hesitate and cannot give any excuse, or if they offer any reason except that their child was too sick to go to school, the teacher serves a summons upon them and they are fined.

If they cannot pay their fines, they are sometimes sent to prison for twenty-four hours. Knowing this, the boys and girls of Prussia are careful to go to school every day, unless they are very ill, indeed. For what boy or girl would be willing to have dear mamma or dear papa go to prison for so simple a matter as a day in school?

How Hawaiian Boys Earn Pennies.

The first thing that a Hawaiian baby learns, after it has mastered the art of walking, is how to swim. Just as soon as a Hawaiian boy can steady himself on his feet, he is led into the water to paddle almost up to his neck. And just as soon as he can take a step, he is carried by his father into deep water and is told to kick and splash until he feels perfectly at home in the water.

By the time a Hawaiian boy is three years old he can swim "like a fish," as the saying is. And when he has reached the age of ten years, he not only swims but dives, also, and goes long distances under water.

Little boys, elsewhere, often earn pennies and dimes by doing tricks or dancing. But the Hawaiian boys pick up their spending-money by diving far under water to get the shining pieces which are thrown out by visitors who love to watch the antics of these little natives when in the water.

Prince Bismarck as a Godfather.

A dear little boy of Guben, a town in Germany, is to have for a godfather no less distinguished a man than Prince Bismarck himself. The boy's father is a poor blacksmith. But, one day, as Bismarck's carriage was passing the shop, an accident happened to the horse's shoe, and this humble blacksmith had an opportunity to be of service to the great statesman. Soon after, the blacksmith wrote to Prince Bismarck and humbly requested that the prince should act as godfather to his baby-boy. Bismarck accepted, and some day the boy will rejoice greatly that he had so illustrious a sponsor.

Correspondence

German and Dutch. (New York.)—1. The Teutonic or Germanic race includes the Low-Germans, who in turn include the Low-Dutch, the main body of whom live in Holland. The Teutonic word "*Deutsch*" (forerunner of "Dutch") meant "popular" and applied to the whole Teutonic people, though now "Dutch" ordinarily means "Hollanders." Philologically speaking, the Hollanders are Germans, by which we mean that their ancestors belonged to the great German race In 1892, however, a Hollander is outside of what is known as the German Empire and is a subject of the Queen of Holland. "Low-Dutch" and *Plattdeutsch* are varieties in the Low-German language. Philologically, a Low-Dutchman (or Hollander) is a Low-German, but a Low-German is not necessarily a Hollander, as he may be one of those speaking *Plattdeutsch*. 2. Bremen is a "free city" of the German Empire and, with its adjacent territory, forms a state in that empire. Consequently, a Bremenite would claim the red, white and black as his national colors.

Wedding Costumes. (K. N.)—1. Probably the very best taste would dictate that the bridegroom wear white-enamel studs instead of diamond; but the rule does not seem to be very rigidly enforced in what is called good society. 2. Whether or not the bride shall furnish anything for her bridesmaids is in most cases a question to be settled specially between the parties. If the bride is very wealthy and the bridesmaids are in limited circumstances, it may be kind to arrange for their dresses or outfit if one chooses to do so, provided they are, as they always should be, intimate friends. Among those in equal circumstances, some pretty gift of a pin or other bit of jewelry or bric-à-brac makes a pleasant reminder of the day. It is well that such gifts bear the date of the wedding, if possible.

Phenomena. (An Investigator.)—The *Ledger* is willing frankly to admit that there are many things in heaven and earth that we mortals know very little about. While making a picture upon a slate and causing it entirely to disappear by chemical applications, then by other agents to bring it out again, seems impossible, it is no more taxing to credulity than was the first theory of telegraphy. When Mr. Morse sat down in despair, one afternoon, on the steps of the Capitol building at Washington, there were many men who passed who considered his theories of transmitting messages by electricity so ridiculous that they almost feared him as an insane man.

Receiving Introductions. (A Reader.)—Upon being introduced to a lady, a gentleman should in some way express his pleasure. Every person should cultivate the habit and faculty of expressing himself on such occasions without embarrassment. There are many things that one might say; just what would depend greatly upon circumstances. If we had known of the lady for some time, you might say: "I have often heard my friends speak of you and am pleased to make your acquaintance." If a newcomer, say: "I am glad to add my welcome, and hope you will like your new home;" or: "I hope you will find your stay among us agreeable."

Calcutta and India. (Hurtz.)—1. The population of British India is about 300,000,000. That of Calcutta is about 850,000. 2. From New York to Calcutta is about thirty-five days, if you go *via* San Francisco. 3. To ascertain about Pacific Ocean steamship lines, read the advertisements of such in the San Francisco *Bulletin* or *Chronicle*, and write to the steamship offices for particulars. 4. There are supposed to be only three thousand or four thousand Americans in Calcutta. 5. Calcutta is nearly twice as large as Boston.

Accepting Attentions. (Texas Girl.)—It depends altogether on what sort of attentions a lady receives. If the gentleman shows by his manner that his intentions are serious, it is scarcely kind for a lady to encourage him provided she has no mind toward matrimony. She could very easily make it understood that she is not deeply interested but merely enjoys the visitor's society.

Fire-Proof Hotels. (Engineer.)—There are many hotels in New York that are advertised as fire-proof, but serious conflagrations have demonstrated that such claims are often very wide of the mark. Such claims recall the test for mushrooms: If you eat them and live they are mushrooms, if you die they are toadstools.

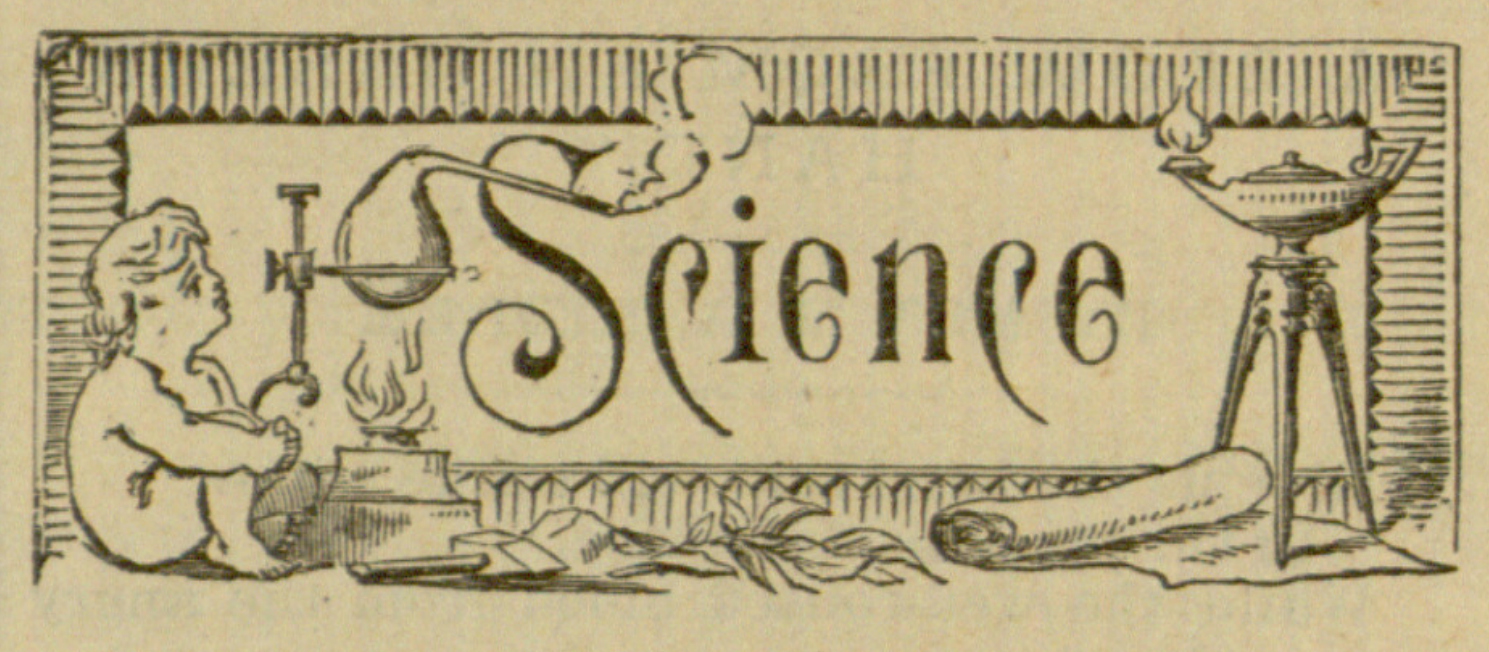
Obligations of Minors. (Lawyer.)—As a rule, all contracts made by minors are void in law, but there may be circumstances which will render the contract binding. If the note was given to furnish the minor with the necessaries of life, the courts would probably sustain the holder of it in collecting the sum.

The Signal Service. (Anxious.)—For information concerning examinations for admission into the United States Signal Corps write to Prof. Mark W. Harrington, chief of Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. The Signal Service was transferred from the War Department in 1891.

Truck Blockade.—The matter of the length of time that a street-car may lawfully be delayed by a street blockade is one which circumstances must determine. A lawyer, familiar with all circumstances of time, place, etc., could determine regarding grounds for a criminal or civil suit.

Various. (Inquirer.)—1. The saraband is a Spanish dance in slow and very marked time. The name also is applied to the music. 2. "Brun-*mowr*" is the pronunciation of "Bryn-Mawr."

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*



Science

Forcing Vegetables by Electricity. Electricity is on the point of finding full employment in horticulture. Spring vegetables are already being forced by its aid for the market. The discovery affords promise of possibilities not yet estimated. It has been found that lettuce is particularly susceptible to the influence of the electric light, by means of which it can be grown for market in two-thirds the usual length of time. Other vegetables respond, likewise, in varying degrees. The effects of electricity being to hasten maturity, too much of it causes lettuce to run to seed before the edible leaves are formed. It must not be imagined that electricity is employed for such purposes as a substitute for sunlight. It is merely used in a supplementary fashion. The green-house that has the sun in the daytime is illuminated at night with arc lights, toward which the plants incline their leaves and flowers, accepting quite innocently these artificial counterfeits of the orb of day. It was supposed hitherto that vegetables required intervals of darkness for their health and development, just as animals need sleep, but it has been shown that, supplied with electric rays, they will go on growing thriftily between sunset and daybreak; staying up all night seems to do them no harm, so long as the dissipation is properly regulated. The electric gardener employs opal globes to diminish the intensity of the light. When it is left bare and admitted to shed its unfiltered rays upon the plants, the latter grow pale, run up quickly in sticky stalks, and soon die. It remains to be discovered exactly how much electricity is beneficial, and during precisely what period of the development it ought to be applied.

At the Rate of Ninety Miles an Hour. On September 1, the first train out from Buffalo, on the Philadelphia and Reading road, according to watches held by the road's chief engineer and newspaper men and guests, made the phenomenal run of nine miles in six minutes—a speed of ninety miles an hour. The train ran only as far as Rochester, seventy-one miles, where it made connections through to the East. It consisted of an engine and two heavy passenger coaches. Just east of Lancaster there is a long stretch of level track, and Engineer Randell pulled the throttle wide open, and Chief Engineer Paul King and others held stop-watches. They all showed the train had turned off nine miles in just six minutes. All through to Rochester the run was phenomenally fast, and averaged a mile a minute. The road is one of the smoothest in this country, and the ninety-six-pound steel rails are the heaviest made.—*Scientific American.*

Draining the Zuyder Zee. The commercial and technical societies of Holland have petitioned the government to advance the work upon the draining of the Zuyder Zee as fast as possible. The estimated cost of the work is $76,000,000. It requires the erection of a dyke 26 feet high and 25 miles long, and involves the removal and reconstruction of the coast defenses. The plan to drain the Zuyder Zee is not new. It was proposed by Engineer Van Diggelen in 1849, before the great work of draining the Haarlem Zee was completed. It was then rejected as impracticable, but it was again proposed in 1865 and plans for the work made. The result was satisfactory and the plans seemed practicable. In 1873, the minister of the interior appointed a committee of experts to examine into the feasibility of the plan. This committee declared it not only possible but desirable. In 1875, the Dutch Chamber voted the equivalent of $47,000,000 for the work.

A new anæsthetic, similar to cocaine, has been found in *eugenol-acetamide*. By successive reactions eugenol is changed into eugenol-sodium, eugenol-acetic acid, ethyl eugenol-acetate and eugenol-acetamide. Applied in the form of a fine powder, it produces local anæsthesia, without any caustic action; this effect, in conjunction with the strong antiseptic property of eugenol-acetic acid, speaks for the new compound securing a place in the treatment of wounds.

Fortis powder is an explosive claimed to have an explosive force nearly approaching that of dynamite and to be less inflammable and less dangerous than ordinary black powder. The principal constituents are: nitrate of potash or soda, sixty-five per cent.; sulphur, thirteen per cent.; charcoal, twelve per cent., and binitro-benzine ten per cent. Spent tan-bark is used to replace the charcoal in part.

Long and ungainly examples must go from the arithmetic as they have already gone from all reputable school-rooms. "Reduce 550,355,068 inches to acres" is out of date, as is: "What is the cube root of 270,671,777,032,189,896?"—*Journal of Education.*

According to the census report, the number of males in the United States in 1890 was 32,067,880, and the whole number of females 30,554,370. For the United States as a whole, therefore, there were for every 10,000 males 9,528 females in 1890.

A correspondent of the *Confectioners' Journal* says that banana juice makes a first-class indelible ink. A spot on a white shirt from a dead-ripe banana is marked forever, and the juice from bananas thoroughly decayed is a bright, clear carmine.

During the fourteen years that have passed since its organization, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has given instruction to more than two hundred thousand persons.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

The Use of Black Silk. The black-silk dress is again coming into fashion, and the costume which for so many years was the special pride and pleasure of the woman of moderate means returns as the companion for the soft wool in which we have all taken so much comfort. The weave of silk is infinitely varied as also is the quality, as many as two hundred and fifty kinds of black silk alone being shown in one importer's stock in New York city. One of the new ideas is a dress of striped diagonal, woven both ways. To make this dress, half of the amount required must be made from one piece and half from the other. The stripes are woven to match perfectly, which adds much to the ease of fitting them.

The regular grades of gros-grain, faille française and plain twills are among the most useful and popular qualities. The newer and more expensive sorts are in very heavy cords, and while they make extremely elegant dresses, they are nothing like as durable as the closer-woven cords. A great deal of attention has been attracted to the new bengalines. These are very heavy, resembling old-fashioned Irish poplins, to some extent, but very much richer, finer and of better quality. They are, of course, made with wool filling, but are none the less durable or stylish on that account, indeed, they are said to wear longer than when made of all silk.

There are extremely desirable grades of domestic bengalines and silk in market, chief among which are the Regattas, which are thought by those who have tried them to be vastly superior to the imported fabrics. Among the leading blacks are brocades with floral designs in black and colors. There are also changeable silks, and many desirable sorts in light-weight and plain and fancy weave. India silks in black and colors will be in very general demand for house-dresses during the entire winter. The fancy seems to be growing for lighter-weight materials for indoor wear, especially for skirts. India-silk skirts with velvet bodices seem somewhat incongruous, but will, nevertheless, be a feature of the new house costumes.

The Model Kitchen. "I had the pleasure of going through a kitchen the other day," said an elderly lady to a rather young housekeeper, "that struck me as the most complete affair of the kind I ever saw.

"Now don't put up your hands, my dear, for it was neither elaborate nor expensive, but just such a kitchen as almost any housekeeper might reasonably hope for and expect. The woman who presided over it declared that it cost less than a couple of new bonnets, aside from her ingenuity and faculty of utilizing the means within her reach.

"The kitchen proper was very small, so much so, indeed, that for years she had found it very inconvenient. Opening out of it was a room which had been used as a sort of catch-all and was really of very little account except as a kind of depository for odds and ends. This space was not actually required either for wood-shed or laundry, as there was an abundance of room already set apart for such purposes. The wall was cut through so as to make a doorway about eight feet wide. It was but little trouble to case this up, and a heavy curtain was hung there. Into this adjoining room, which was about eight feet by ten in size, the kitchen-sink and pump were moved. A shelf three feet wide and eight feet long, with a slight pitch forward and toward one end, was so arranged as to fill the narrow end of the room, the sink being so placed that the front corner of the shelf projected over it. This furnished the necessary drainage.

"The shelf was made of matched clear-stuff lumber and put together with paint and putty. A strip about an inch wide was nailed around the shelf and the joints carefully filled in with the paint-and-putty mixture. This shelf furnished ample room for dish-washing and as a place for clearing up and putting in order the articles taken from the table. At one side of the room was a large cupboard with doors. In another portion of the room stood a wardrobe, which was not required for the upstairs rooms. This piece of furniture was placed on a thick plank foundation, in which were very heavy casters. A simple push of the foot would move it, so there was no excuse for dust accumulating under it. In this were placed the shawl, cloak, bonnet, hat, gloves, rubbers and similar articles of apparel required for stormy weather, or for hanging up clothes or other duties out-of-doors. The shelves of the wardrobe were devoted to kitchen towels, tablecloths, brushes, house-cloths and all of the similar fittings of the kitchen. A lower shelf held the kit of tools which every well-regulated household requires. Against one side of the wall stood the china wagon, which will one of these days be considered as necessary a portion of the house equipment as the kitchen table. This wagon is merely a cupboard mounted on rubber wheels and is rolled from the kitchen to the dining-room and back, and upon it can be placed all of the dishes and food when the meal is finished. A couple of wood-seated chairs made up the furnishings of this apartment. There was a couple of small cupboards with doors where cooking utensils and the like were kept; the windows had wire screens, and the door opening from this room to the laundry was double and hung on hinges that allowed the door to swing both ways. The door between the dining-room and kitchen was similarly arranged, and as both were made of wire screen, it was a very easy matter to keep out the flies.

"The kitchen contained the range, a couple of tables for dishing up and arranging food, and a large closet let into the wall had shelves for china and glass. There was a trim little shelf with a second shelf underneath. The upper one held the lamps, clock and a vase or two for flowers, for even the kitchen appreciated such beauties. On the shelf underneath was a work-basket and, don't be amazed, a number of interesting books. A pretty rug lay on the floor in front of the shelf and on this were a comfortable rocking-chair and a pretty stand with a cover.

"There was not in the whole equipment of these two rooms after they were put in order one single article which would attract flies. Every door closed tightly, and there was an arrangement which struck me as wonderfully convenient. A sliding cover over the sink with a drip-way in saucer-shape under the spout of the pump. One could pump a pitcher of water without uncovering the sink. This improved the appearance of the room by covering up what is usually the most unsightly portion of a kitchen furnishing. The walls were painted with several coats, then enamel-finished. The moldings were very plain and also done in paint and enamel. A single dab of a cloth rung out of soap-suds would remove almost any spot or stain on the wall or wood-work. There were shades and, of course, window-screens and awnings on the sunny side.

"The maid who had charge of this pretty room had finished her work when I was in and sat in her rocking-chair sewing an apron.

"I think if all housekeepers would take more pains to furnish attractive quarters for their help, that there would be fewer complaints and better service."

One Woman's Experience. An experienced housekeeper remarked the other day that she could not understand what all this talk meant, about poisonous quality of food put up in tin cans.

"I distinctly remember," she said, "when I was a child that we canned apples, peaches, cherries, indeed all sorts of fruit in every tin receptacle that we could get hold of. In those days the ground coffee we used was put up in five-pound tin cans. These cans were carefully cleaned and put away expressly for fruit. We used the same cans year in and year out, always emptying them of fruit as soon as they were open, entirely, however, on account of possible rust which would render them unfit for next season. In the dozen or fifteen years that we used these cans, such a thing as injury from poison was never heard of.

"We also put up chicken, sausage, head-cheese and similar meats in the same way and kept them for months. I am led to believe from personal experience that the tin now used must be adulterated with lead or some arsenical preparation. If this be so, there is excellent opportunity for boards of health to take some steps in the matter and prevent the use of adulterated metal by some very strong legislative enactments. Good clean tin never hurt anybody—of that a great many of us are very certain."

The Help Question. Of all the subjects that never seem to be exhausted, there is not one which appears so prolific of opportunity for argument as the help question. However much has been or may be said, there is abundance of room for something more, and every new outbreak is listened to with at least semi-respectful attention, in the hope of getting more light on this perplexing topic.

Among the latest phases of the help question is the statement made by certain women that they treat their help with a very great amount of consideration, and that the more considerate they are the better service they get. Now this sort of talk is all very well under certain circumstances, but the ability to carry it into practice depends to a very great extent on the sort of servants one has to deal with. Instances are by no means wanting where consideration and attentions, good treatment and courtesy have been rewarded by the most outrageous insolence, and the forbearance of the mistress of the house has been taxed until endurance was no longer possible, and it was found necessary to clear out the old force and begin over again with new ones.

Nine-tenths of the servants will presume on the amiability and good-nature of the mistress just as long as she will endure it. They begin rather mildly—take the bearings of the situation, as it were; then gradually lead up to a course of what they call independence, and crowd the limit on all occasions. Once in a while, some extremely fortunate woman finds one that will bear good treatment.

Of course, this is not to say that help of any class should be abused or ill-treated; but it will be found as the experience of the majority of housekeepers that it is not wise to show too much consideration.

Not long since, a woman was employed for a day's work. She had been very ill, although at the time she was quite recovered. She had also suffered some very serious affliction in her family, and the lady who hired her took pains to express her sympathy for her. The woman immediately began a detailed account of her misfortunes, and so intent was she on being heard that she followed the lady from kitchen to dining-room, from dining-room to parlor and sat down in an easy-chair to finish her story.

Several persons for whom this woman worked told the lady afterward that it was impossible to get on with her if one were the least bit sympathetic. She seemed to forget her work as soon as the subject of her personal misfortunes was broached. It is very much that way with the majority of servants; therefore it is safe to say that when one hears of these household paragons they are of a different stamp from ordinary servants and are either destitute of grievances or have too much sense to parade them to the neglect of their legitimate business.

A good mistress does not by any means presuppose a good servant, at least in these days. The mistress frequently works much harder than the maid, and has, as far as comfort is concerned, much less to show for it. There are many houses which are little more than servants' boarding-houses, and in these places they live on the fat of the land and grow insolent and arrogant if the slightest consideration is shown them.

The model servant is quite likely to become a great curiosity, and the only hope for the future is that well-bred, well-conducted young women will find positions in the household much easier, more profitable and more healthful than the factory and shop duties which they seem so anxious to take up. Factory work, writing, book-keeping and the like are responsible for a great deal of bad health, and occasionally some sensible girl is discovering this. Well is it for her if the knowledge does not come too late to save her health. Many a girl would leave her position in store and shop could she but feel sure of a situation where she would not be looked upon as a servant; but there is something in this idea so repugnant to most young women that they sacrifice themselves to their pride and live in discomfort and die in want rather than yield the point and take up a life which offers them freedom from many of the ills that beset them.

Keeping the Children at Home. Philanthropists and teachers and moralists of all sorts never seem tired of asking the question: "What shall we do with the children?" but all the same they do not seem to have worked out a very satisfactory solution to the problem. It is a matter of doubt if any means can be adopted which will secure this end, until parents become a little more considerate of the feelings and wishes of their children. Youngsters must be amused, and if they cannot find amusement at home, they are absolutely certain to seek it elsewhere.

Parents should therefore provide every means within their power to interest the young, and should not only do this but should make it a point to furnish them a place where they may enjoy their possessions to their heart's content. In building or fitting up a house, it would add but little to the cost to set apart a room or even build one, where all of the toys, games and rigging in which children delight could be safely housed and in nobody's way. This is much better than a continual growling because Tommie's bicycle has to be kept in the hall and Jennie's hoops and croquet set are under the table.

When children want to play, it is no trifling task for them to go upstairs or down cellar or into some out-of-the-way cupboard or closet, move a quantity of other things, and little by little hunt out their amusements; then have to crowd somebody out of place, in order to arrange them, either in the kitchen, dining or sitting-room; then be subject to constant interruption, in case any one comes in.

It is easy to make the plea that a room for such things would cost too much; but when one comes to consider how much the child is worth and how much it costs, later in life, to get him out of the evil ways in which home neglect has driven him, the balance is not very difficult to strike.

The markets are full of toys, games, amusements and pleasures, and while they cost something in the way of cash outlay, their value is in many instances above all computation; and the few dollars expended in providing wholesome pleasures will draw more than compound interest when the boy arrives at man's estate with quiet, intelligent, studious habits and reasonably good morals. These he rarely acquires on the street or in the saloon, to which in many cases he is driven by the lack of entertainment under his own roof.

Talking Sense. "What a pity it is that some attention isn't given to teaching young people how to talk," said a middle-aged woman after a few hours outing at a place where many young persons were visiting.

"Teaching them to talk," replied her friend, "is less important than teaching them something to talk about. Naturally, they are weary of school-books and study and lessons and professors and technicalities and all that sort of thing, and I would like some intelligent person to tell me what else they know and, consequently, what else they have to talk about. Their knowledge is confined almost entirely to text-books, and once they are emancipated from the school-room they are willing enough to leave such subjects alone. The most sensible company of young people I ever knew was those whose recreation hours had been devoted to the study of nature; not as a study, but as an amusement. Between lessons they were taken out bird'snesting, gathering flowers, looking through the woods for curious and interesting shapes among trees or bushes, bringing home knots and twisted clubs of all sorts and taking pictures or making sketches of bird'snests, the birds themselves, the small animals they came in contact with and also any insects which seemed strange to them. When these youngsters were grown and went into society, their tastes and habits led them to seek the company of persons who could tell them about these things, and I never heard more animated conversation among scientists than I have listened to among these intelligent young persons and the distinguished guests who were often invited with a view to a general discussion on subjects of world-wide interest. I do not remember that I ever heard from any of this party five minutes of the senseless babble which young people generally indulge in. The talk was of the resources of nature, and the habits and the plumage of a bird or the colors assumed by some developing insect were thought much more worthy of consideration than Arabella's new hat or the color selected by Daisy and Lilly for their summer costumes.

"With a world full of the most interesting and instructive literature, it seems a pity that the attention of the young should be allowed to wander to frivolous subjects.

"It is not intended by this to recommend all solidity and no fun. The adage, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' applies not only to the little Jacks but to the big ones; and whether Jack be eight, eighteen or eighty, the necessity for amusement never ceases. The tired brain is refreshed and rested by real jolly, rollicking fun, and we have no little reason for congratulation that it is fashionable to laugh and have a good time. The emotionless woman is out of date; she of the present day is expected to enjoy herself, and when she goes out with Jacky she doesn't go to mope but to get benefit, brightness and renewal of mind and spirit. Study need not be dull, neither should instructive reading be heavy and wearisome. There are histories that are as entertaining as the stories of the Brownies, and talks on nature that are made more fascinating than fairy stories. When these are given to young people, they will have something worth talking about."

The Uses of the Banana. The banana has very decided possibilities as a dessert or an addition to luncheon or informal meals. Banana-fritters are simply delicious, but very, very rich. Make a batter with one egg, a cup of sweet milk, a heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, a pinch of salt and flour enough to make it rather stiff. In this dip slices of banana, then drop them into very hot fat. Be careful that they are thoroughly cooked through. Drain them on sheets of absorbent paper and serve with maple sirup. Peaches and bananas, with oranges, make a delicious salad when sliced very thin and set away for some time in sugar.

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FASHION CORNER.

Kid of all colors is cut into bands like ribbon, elaborately embroidered with beads and silks and used as a dress-trimming. Cut-out and fitted collar and cuffs and sometimes a belt or corselet of the same material with net embroidery make up a set of trimmings which is exceedingly elegant as well as expensive.

An enormous amount of ribbon is used this season, and we are assured that the end is not yet. A handsome skirt of silk is almost covered with inch-wide ribbons with tassels at the points. These ribbons extend the full length of the skirt, the tassels barely escaping the floor as the wearer moves about.

Lace dresses seem to enjoy perennial popularity. They will be in great demand for the coming season's at-homes and evening entertainments. The handsomest and least expensive dress is of net lace. Almost every woman has a half-worn silk that can be used as a foundation.

Smooth-surfaced French-cloth dresses have capes of the same material embroidered in self-colored silks in plain bars placed about three inches apart each way. These bars are about two inches long and three-eights of an inch wide.

Never in the history of fashion have the different sorts of costumes been so clearly defined in their uses. The street-dress is a thing by itself, as are also home-dresses and costumes for church and dressy wear.

There is a fancy for laced-up shoes with high tops. A caprice that will hardly obtain with the conservative ladies in this country is the wearing of tassels at the tops of the shoes where the strings are tied.

Handsome skirting flannels have elaborate embroidery wrought over lace edging. For example: A width of torchon or plat-val lace is basted closely on the material, and the embroidery is done over this.

In making one's toilet for church, extreme plainness and simplicity are always in the best taste. Frills and furbelows, bright colors and elaborate styles are in every sense inappropriate.

The newest fancy for dancing-dresses are China silk and gauze skirts in full accordion plaiting. It only requires from fifteen to eighteen yards of material to make one of these skirts.

Plush is again coming into use for millinery, especially for children. The tiny plush bonnets, with plaited fronts or in poke shape, are extremely becoming.

There are two materials that women of all ages, figures and complexions may safely wear, and these are velvet and lace, especially in dark colors.

A popular trimming, and one which is especially effective, when properly used, is gold galloon embroidered in high-colored and iridescent beads.

Braiding of all sorts with row upon row of narrow, wide or graduated braids is to be a popular trimming for autumn and winter dresses.

The new velvets in changeable, iridescent and ombre effects are exceptionally popular and will be used with almost every material.

Tam O'Shanters are coming into fashion again for youngsters. They are made in fancy velvets, plush and wool materials.

One of the novelties is a black-silk petticoat with ruffles of colored silk over which falls a flounce of black lace.

New Russian dresses are made of bordered wool with rough surface. The colors are very bright.

A peculiar combination of color is brown, pink and green. This is seen in millinery and trimmings.

Hem-stitching, tucks, embroidery and puffs are all seen in masses of decoration on fine underwear.

Accordion-plaited skirts of vailing or cashmere with guimpe waists are worn by small girls.

A novelty in jewelry is a small, brown, enameled jug with the handle and top set in diamonds.

New handkerchiefs are of chiffon, and are embroidered in fine and delicate designs.

Wind-mill bows of satin or gros-grain ribbon will be used for dress trimming.

A GRIM JAILER.

BY W. THOMSON.

"Better take your rifle or revolver along," said my partner, Jim Hayes, as I prepared to leave the cabin. "There 's no telling what you may run on in these mountains."

"No, Jim. I 'll take nothing but a light pick and shovel and some grub," I replied, passing out.

Near the door were tied our two deer-hounds, Zip and Keene, and, as I stopped to pat their heads, both begged piteously, in dog fashion, to be taken along.

"No, no, old boys, no hunting to-day," I said, soothingly. And the intelligent creatures seeing that I did not carry a gun, soon ceased to grumble.

It was the 4th of July, 1869. We had been for some time engaged in silver-mining near Argentine Gulch, Colorado, and were living in a stout log hut, of which, in the absence of other claimants, we had taken peaceable possession. We could not think, however, of prosecuting our usual work on the Fourth; and Jim, not feeling like joining me, I had decided to go off prospecting alone.

"Don't lose yourself, old man. It 's a mighty easy thing to do," he called out, as I walked away; while the hounds gave me a cheerful send-off in the shape of a parting howl.

"Well, no, Jim. I 'm not quite so green as all that. But if I 'm not back to-night, maybe you 'll look me up," I laughingly rejoined; the point of the joke lying in the fact that I was an old mountaineer and Jim a comparative tenderfoot, though one of the best fellows in the world.

Prospecting or, indeed, travelling on foot at all, in the heart of the Rockies, is exceedingly hard work, not only because of the physical obstacles, but also from the unsatisfying nature of the highly rarefied air, of which one is obliged to inhale vast quantities in order to get oxygen enough to sustain life. Hence, after four hours of incessant toil, by which time I had got above timber line, I was glad to sit down by a little spring to rest.

So far, though making many tests, I had found no indications of a paying "lead;" but I was not going to give up hope, and, after making a hearty dinner from the bread and cold meat in my haversack, I scaled the heights to my right, determining to find my way home by another route. 'T was easier said than done, for, on descending the ridge, I came into an utterly strange neighborhood, and shortly found myself wandering in a wild labyrinth of intricate boulder-strewn gullies and frowning precipices, from which extrication seemed hopeless, as every attempt to travel in a direct line only tended to confuse me more and more.

For two hours, spent in desperate exertion, I tried vainly to thread the mazes, and finally had to confess that I was lost. Then I thought to retrace my steps to the old trail and take a fresh start, but this, too, I found impossible. I had somehow got completely "turned round;" and, despite all reasoning to the contrary, could not convince myself that the sun, of which I caught occasional glimpses, was in the right place.

"Pshaw, I 'll get out all right!" I said aloud, as if arguing the point with a companion; "but, can I do it this afternoon? If not, Jim will have the laugh on me, and I can't stand that."

At last, twisting and turning, plunging, climbing and scrambling into, around and over ravines and rocks, I managed to get down to timber-line again, but of how far I had come or of where I now was I had not the least idea. Two things, however, I did know: That the shades of evening were coming on and that my chance of reaching camp that night was hardly worth reckoning.

No glimpse of sunlight now. The deep shadows of the lofty peaks were all around me, and in another hour the gloomy solitude would be wrapped in darkness. The night, too, at that altitude, would be unpleasantly cold. I must prepare for it in time.

I had come to a little valley hedged in by great pieces of detached rock, and there were numerous gnarled roots, dry, broken limbs and other available fuel scattered around. Determining to go no further, I commenced to gather a heap of these, intending to keep up a big fire until morning. I picked up one armful of small stuff and then stepped across to attack a specially dense pile which lay close against the base of an overhanging cliff. Seizing hold of a protruding stick, I gave a strong pull and brought down the whole mass.

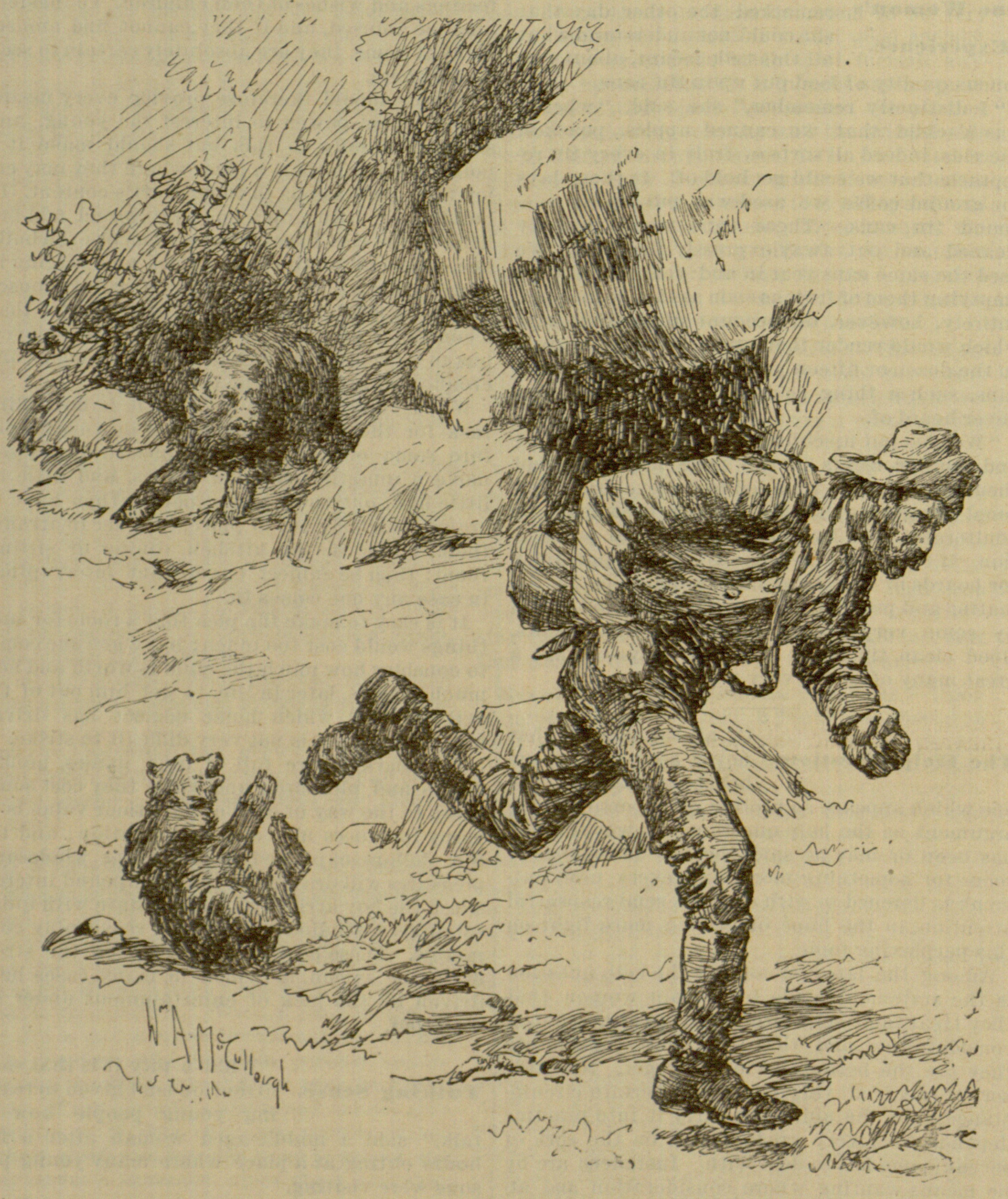
Then I saw that behind the rubbish was the mouth of a rough, shallow cave; and, curious to see what it contained, I very foolishly stooped down and went in.

At first I could distinguish nothing; but when my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw, huddled up in one corner and quite motionless, two furry-looking objects about the size of raccoons; and, on going closer, found that they were neither more nor less than grizzly-bear cubs.

So soon as the little creatures were convinced that I had seen them, they bunched up for a fight, but I picked up one, and, in spite of its furious struggles and pig-like cries, carried it out of the cave.

Holding it between my knees, with a forepaw in each hand, while the claws of its hindfeet were viciously digging at my boot-tops. I was minutely examining it, when I heard a noise as of flying gravel and, looking up, saw the mother bear tearing round the corner of a rock and coming at me with open mouth and flaming eyes.

Now, there are grizzlies and grizzlies. Even this fearlessly savage beast, unless cornered or wounded, will generally try to get out of a man's way, but an old she, robbed of her young, is one of the most terrible animals in existence and would charge a regiment of soldiers without a moment's hesitation.



"THE MOTHER BEAR WAS COMING WITH OPEN MOUTH AND FLAMING EYES."

The enraged monster was not over twenty yards from me, and, dropping the cub, I turned and ran for dear life.

Glancing around in hope of finding some place of refuge, I could see none close at hand not equally accessible to the bear; but about sixty yards ahead stood a tall hemlock sapling, and toward this I darted at my best speed.

In those days I was very swift of foot, and with a fair chance might have made a short dash like that quickly enough to escape. But I was badly handicapped by heavy, spiked boots and a rock-encumbered course, while my pursuer, thin from long nursing, was in prime racing condition; and before I had gone half way, I found that she was fast gaining on me.

The four-footed brute cared nothing for the loose stones; but should I stumble, all would be over in a moment. Hence I was obliged to pick my steps, though my revengeful enemy came each instant nearer and nearer until less than fifteen feet intervened between us. I was apparently doomed; for although the tree was now within twenty-five yards, unless I could reach it at least three seconds ahead of the bear, she would pull me down in the act of mounting.

The hoarse, grunting roar of the eager brute had changed to a blood-curdling growl, and I fancied that I could almost feel her hot breath on my back, when a sudden remembrance of some old-time story struck me. Quick as a lightning flash I drew my belt-knife and with one stroke severed the light strap of the oil-skin satchel containing the remains of my lunch. The bag fell to the ground, and, sure enough, the bear stopped short and tore it into shreds.

Then, totally ignoring the bread and meat, she came on again with redoubled rage. But the precious three seconds had been lost and gained, and she was yet four lengths behind me when I reached the tree and scrambled up to the first branch, about twenty feet from the ground—though barely in time to save myself, for the long-bodied beast reared straight beside the trunk and came within a hair's-breadth of catching my foot as I ascended.

Most fortunately for me, adult grizzlies do not climb, nor could even a common black bear have gone up that sapling, the stem of which was only nine inches in diameter. Though safe for the present, I was by no means in a comfortable position, none of the branches being large enough to sustain my whole weight. Consequently, in order to support myself, I was obliged to cling with one arm to its body, and very firmly, too, as the baffled monster several times rose on her hind feet, shook the tree violently and tore off great strips of bark with her powerful claws.

What if she should take a notion to dig it up by the roots? She could have done so in fifteen minutes. Oh, how bitterly I now regretted not taking Jim's advice to bring my revolver along!

After a while, my jailer got tired of trying to dislodge me; but, instead of going off, she uttered a loud, peculiar cry, and the next moment the two cubs came shuffling along and joined her.

Then, while her babies refreshed themselves, the grim mother sat composedly down at the foot of the tree, evidently preparing for a regular blockade.

If I should live a thousand years, I could never forget that awful night.

After dark, the temperature fell to the freezing-point, and I kept from perishing only by repeatedly climbing higher up the tree and then sliding down to my old position.

Even so I could hardly keep my blood circulating, and I was so worn out by fatigue and so deadly sleepy that I was in momentary danger of dropping into the hungry jaws below.

I had hoped that the cold would induce the bear to retire to the cave with her cubs, in which case I might take a short run and gain a larger tree; but the cunning beast seemed quite contented with her present quarters, and long after I had ceased to distinguish her brownish-gray form on the similarly colored ground I could hear her moving about and coddling her young ones.

At this time, the moon was two or three days beyond the full, and it must have been past midnight when it rose high enough to clear the mountain-tops and light up my valley prison. Then the bear and I could again see each other plainly, a fact of which she took advantage to give my roosting-place another series of vigorous shakes.

If the angry beast had known enough to keep this up for five minutes at any one time, I must have lost my hold; but, luckily, she didn't, and I always renewed my grip during her quiet spells.

What was to be the end of it all? The dumb brute could maintain her fast until I should drop from exhaustion, and if she kept watch long enough, that result was certain. In this desolate place no outside help could be expected, and, barring a common butchers' knife, I was entirely unarmed.

"But, surely," I reasoned, "the old fiend will go off first thing in the morning to look for food, and I can then either make good my retreat or kindle a fire which will keep her at bay and, perhaps, by its smoke, attract some wandering prospector."

These reflections, though quite consoling to me, didn't exactly harmonize with Mrs. Bruin's views. The rising sun found her still on duty and apparently determined to have *me* for breakfast or go without.

Hour after hour passed away, and, as the day grew hot, I began to suffer so fearfully from thirst and the strained horror of my situation, that I at last deliberately made up my mind to descend and meet death in fair fight. No use in delaying; 't was but prolonging my agony. And yet to so die was awful. I would hold out till nature could endure no more. No voluntary act of mine should precipitate my doom.

If the tree had been an aspen, a cottonwood or, indeed, any kind of a deciduous tree, I might have obtained some relief by chewing the leaves, but there was no nourishment in the bitter hemlock spray. It seemed only to increase my thirst, and I felt that the end was near.

Once more, with a kind of horrible fascination, I gazed down at my implacable foe, idly wondering whether she would kill me by a single blow of her great paw or rend me piecemeal to fragments.

But suddenly she stopped in her restless walk, sniffed the air for a moment with uplifted head and then, driving the cubs before her, ambled off toward her den.

What could this mean? A question quickly answered, for, intently listening, I next instant heard the low, repressed whimper of hounds, and as, with returning strength, I uttered a loud yell of joy, Zip and Keene, bursting into full cry and straining on their leashes, came round the corner of that same rock whence the bear had first emerged!

The dogs were closely followed by Jim Hayes, upon whose heels came three stalwart companions, and they met the grizzly face to face before she had gained the cave.

At this blessed sight the warm blood once again rushed through my benumbed limbs, and with frantic haste I slid to the ground. All was over, however, before I could reach the scene.

On seeing her assailants, the bear had charged instantly; but Jim jerked the hounds to one side, and the other hunters, coolly firing together, sent three bullets through her brain, when she dropped dead with scarcely a quiver, and the scared cubs scurried into the den.

Then men and dogs rushed tumultuously upon me, and it was hard to tell which were the more delighted by my rescue.

"Water, boys, water?" I gasped, as the jubilant fellows pulled me about.

One of them put his canteen to my swollen lips—and I shall remember that draught to my dying day.

Not a question was asked until my comrades had seen me begin to eat like a famished wolf, but then Hayes quietly said:

"Well, partner, I guess you 'll live through it; but you did kind of get lost, I reckon!"

"Yes, Jim, I own right up. I don't know half so much now as I thought I did yesterday morning. You came just in time to cheat the grizzly of her dinner. How did it all happen?"

Jim laughingly replied:

"Why, man alive! You 're not more than two miles from camp now, but, the country being so rough, I suppose you couldn't hear the signals I fired all through the night.

"Only two miles? I thought it was a dozen," I wonderingly rejoined.

"Well, I guess we travelled more than that to find you, and you 've only got the dogs to thank that we did it; for, of all the wild, crooked tracks ever made by a mortal man, yours beat.

"When I found that you were sure enough lost, I started out at the first streak of light this morning and got the boys here to join in for the hunt. The trail being so old, we were rather dubious about the hounds keeping to it; but every now and then we came to some place where you 'd chipped at the rocks, and then we knew they were right.

"The greatest bother was after you 'd crossed that low range and turned back to come home, and if we hadn't been certain sure of the dogs, we 'd never have followed them, for there was one place where they led us nine or ten times round and round in a circle without going ahead an inch. We wouldn't let them give tongue, 'cause we thought maybe we 'd run across a stray elk, and that 's the reason you and old grizzly didn't hear them sooner.

"We got here at last somehow, and it 's all right now, partner; but I *tell you* you 've had a mighty lucky escape."

"Jist erbout ez narry a one ez ever I heared on," said one of the old-timers who had come with Jim. "Howsumever, we 've got the b'ar an' cubs, an' it 's a purty good day's work, arter all."

◆

ARE YOU YELLOW?

If so, of course you are bilious, which also implies that you have a dull pain and tenderness in the right side, nausea, sick headache, furred tongue, sour breath and indigestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is what you want. Prompt relief follows its use in liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Physicians unqualifiedly recommend it. —*Adv.*

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—Three factories in the United States consume over three million eggs per year in making albumen paper, extensively used in photography.

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GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist. —*Adv.*

◆

—Doesn't he eat any breakfast? Did you ever give him the best bacon, "FERRIS" DELICIOUS? It 's HONEST. Make your grocer get it for you, though it does cost him and you a trifle more. —*Adv.*

◆

PRIZES TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Read carefully the advertisement of Standard Coal and Fuel Co., 138 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass., which appeared on the last page of our issue of Oct. 22nd. —*Adv.*

◆

—I used to be troubled with a dryness of the nose—a catarrhal difficulty—and the only thing that relieved me was Marshall's catarrh snuff. I recommend it in my trade and sell a good deal of it.

H. W. GIFFORD,
Druggist, Marshalltown, Iowa.—*Adv.*

◆

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS.

Under the management of Mr. Champlin, late of the Ocean House, Watch Hill, Conn., will remain open during October and November. 2,500 feet elevation. In Warm Springs Valley, the best autumn climate in America. 15 hours from New York. Leave New York, *via* Pennsylvania R. R., daily 5:00 P. M. *via* Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. F. F. V. Vestibule Limited, arrive Hot Springs 8:40 the next morning. Dining-car through from New York.

Excursion tickets and location at C. & O. ticket office, 362 Broadway, New York. —*Adv.*

◆

IT WAS WORTH WHILE.

Fred: "Brown's children have scarlet-fever."

Kate: "Goodness gracious! And our Willie was playing over there only Saturday. Where did they get it?"

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Weight	245 lbs	195 lbs	50 lbs
Bust	48 in.	37 in.	11 in.
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That beautiful and pathetic little ballad was written by a man who himself was homeless and a stranger in a strange land. John Howard Payne would have been forgotten long ago had it not been for these few simple verses, which have endeared themselves to the human heart by association and memory. "There is no place like home, be it ever so humble;" and how doubly true this is if it possesses that virtue of cleanliness (so nearly allied to godliness) which renders the plainest abode attractive, and without which the palace loses its chief charm.

But to keep clean we must have soap, which reminds us that the most liberal offer we have ever seen is that of Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., which appeared in our issue of October 1st. In fact, when the advertisement was sent to us we thought it too good to be true; so we sent for a Combination Box, and are pleased to say we find the goods even better than advertised. The Chautauqua Desk is a most useful and beautiful ornament for parlor, library or guest-chamber, and our readers who accept the offer will make no mistake. —*Adv.*

IMPORTANT TO FLESHY PEOPLE.

We notice that the *Boston Sunday Globe* recently published a full-page (8-column) article, giving an interesting description of a new method for curing obesity at a total cost of from $2.00 to $3.00. Doubtless thousands of our readers are suffering from overweight, and to such this article would be valuable. Those who wish to reduce their weight, without injuring or dieting, should have a copy of the *Globe*, which can be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the Johnson's Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

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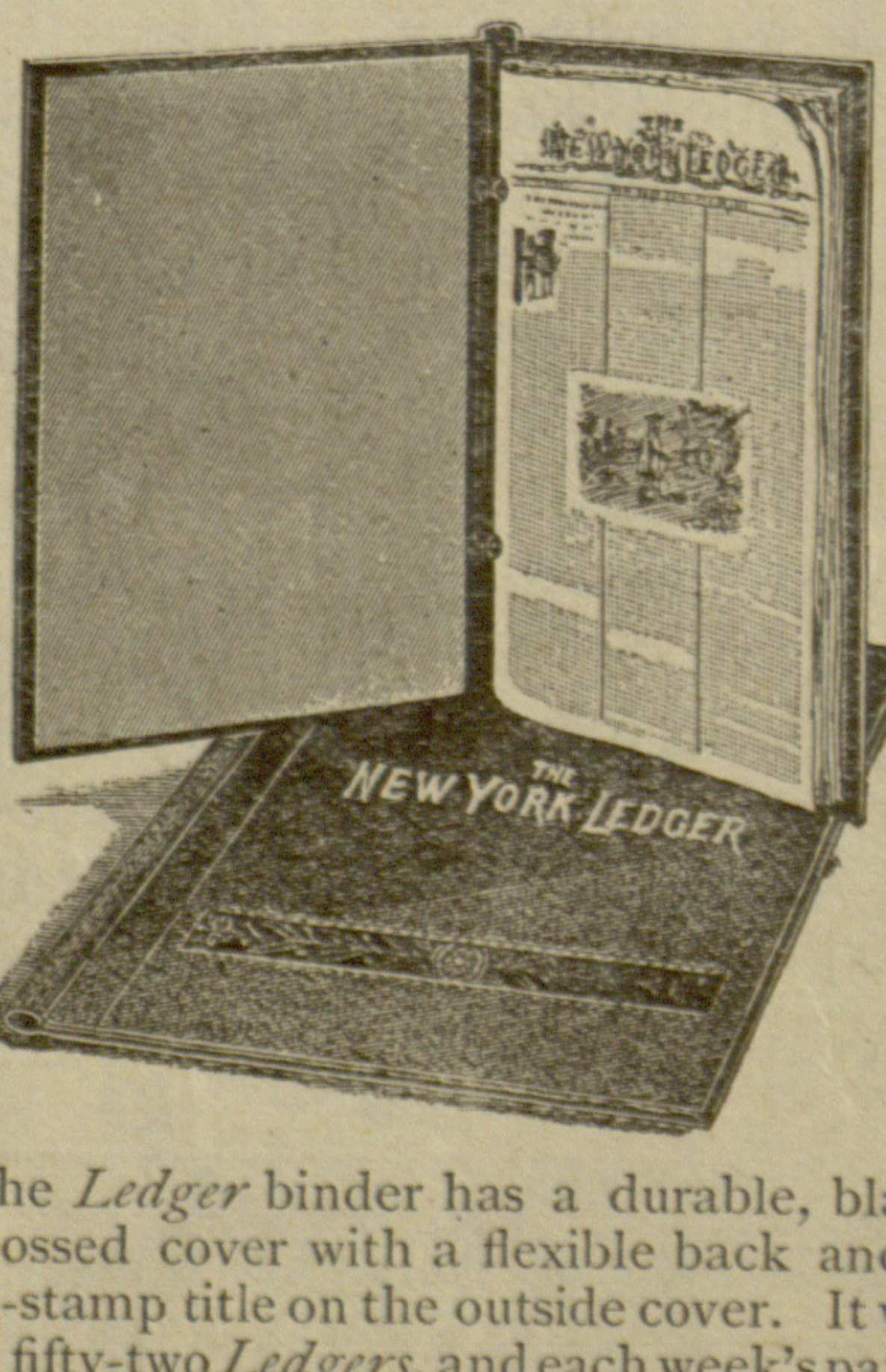
The unusually great variety in the contents and the improved artistic excellence of the illustrations in the *Ledger* have created an increased desire on the part of our readers to preserve each week's paper in a neat, clean and unruffled form for future reading. For the convenience of our readers we have had a large quantity of binders manufactured especially for the *Ledger*.

We believe the *Ledger* binders to be the best articles of the kind, and the large quantities we have ordered enable us to sell them to our readers at a very low price.



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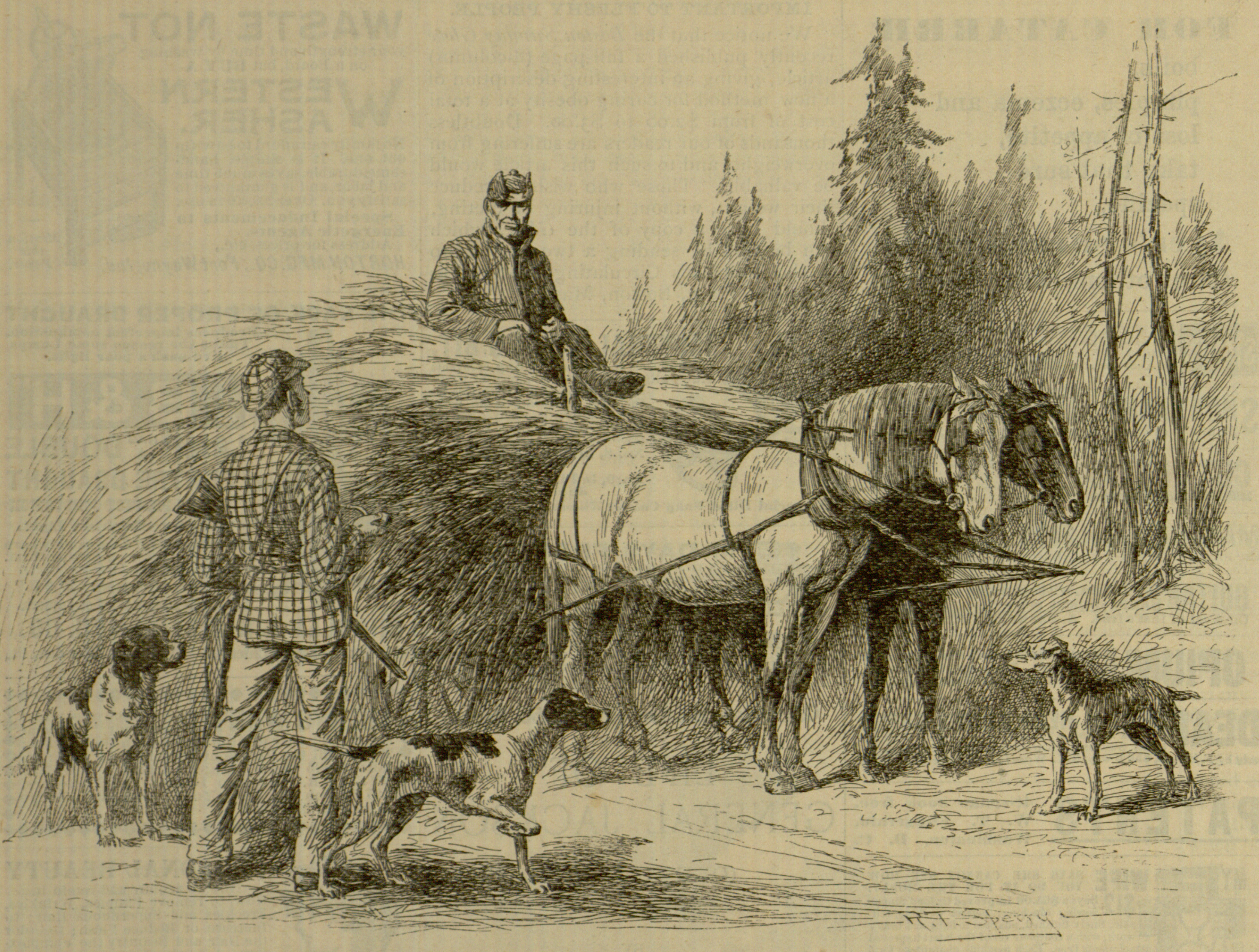

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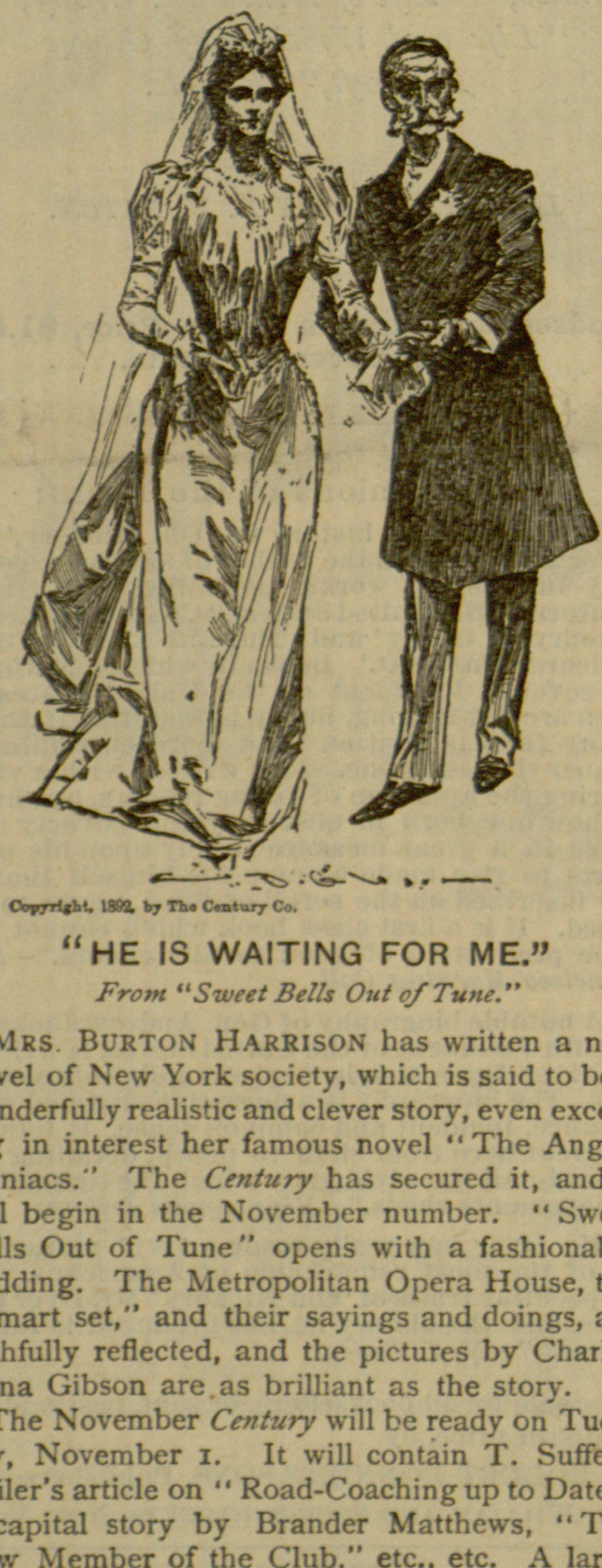

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"HE IS WAITING FOR ME."
From "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."

MRS. BURTON HARRISON has written a new novel of New York society, which is said to be a wonderfully realistic and clever story, even excelling in interest her famous novel "The Anglomaniacs." The *Century* has secured it, and it will begin in the November number. "Sweet Bells Out of Tune" opens with a fashionable wedding. The Metropolitan Opera House, the "smart set," and their sayings and doings, are faithfully reflected, and the pictures by Charles Dana Gibson are as brilliant as the story.

The November *Century* will be ready on Tuesday, November 1. It will contain T. Suffern Tailer's article on "Road-Coaching up to Date," a capital story by Brander Matthews, "The New Member of the Club," etc., etc. A large first edition will be printed.

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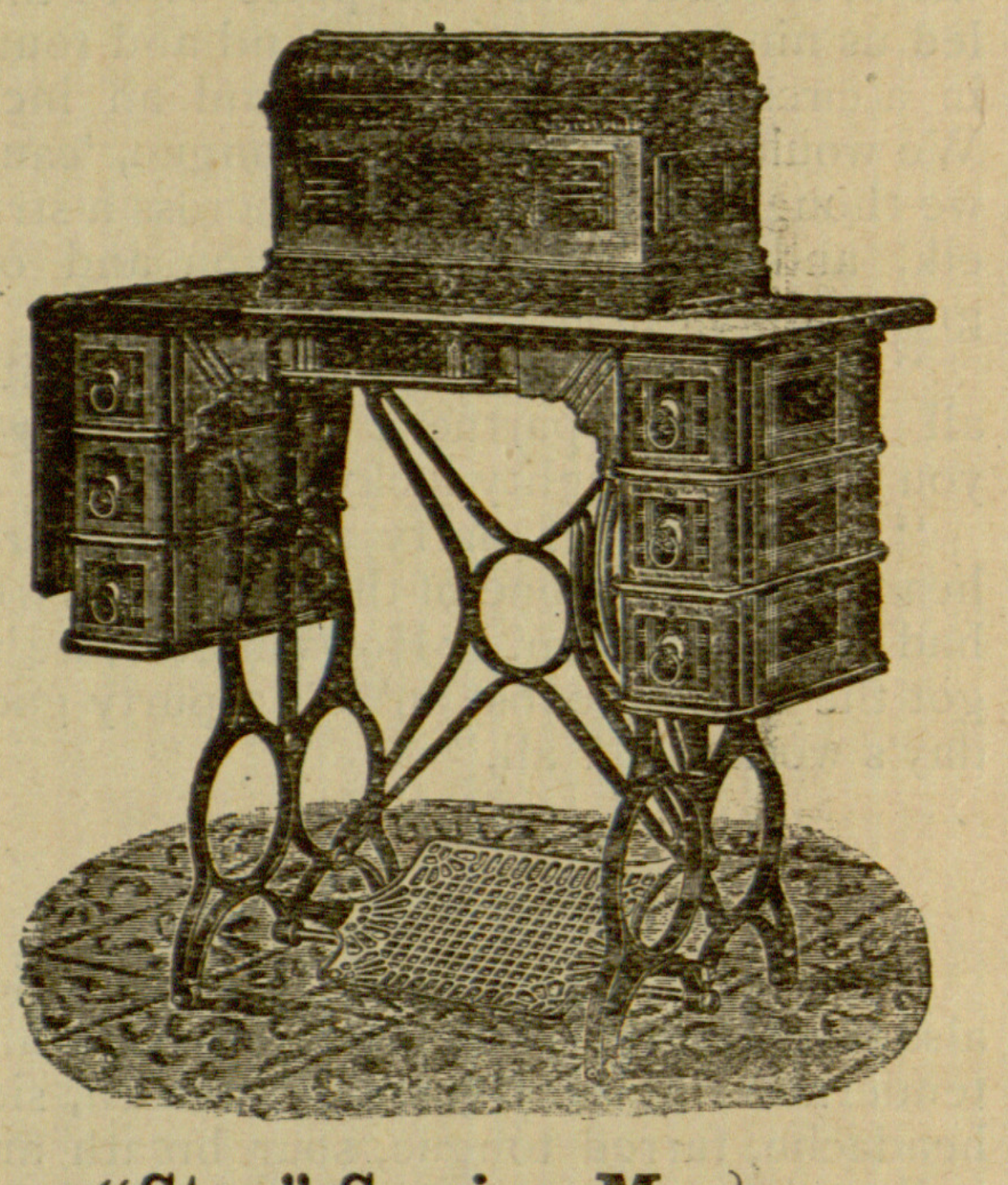

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